THE

FUGITIVE:

A

COMEDY.

[*Price* 1*s.* 6*d.*]

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FUGITIVE:

A

COMEDY.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

KING's THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

By JOSEPH RICHARDSON, Esq.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

Ætherias, lascive cupis, volitare per auras
I, FUGE, sed poteris, tutior esse domi.

MARTIAL.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

PERHAPS there is no expreſſion of gratitude at once ſo neceſſary and ſo ſuſpicious, as that which the author of a dramatic performance pays to the ſeveral Ladies and Gentlemen who ſupported him in its repreſentation.—He muſt poſſeſs much more confidence in himſelf than belongs to the author of the Fugitive, who believes he can inſure ſucceſs upon the Stage, without the concurrence of their kindeſt and moſt active exertions---and yet in proportion as acknowledgments are warmly and vividly given, they are obnoxious to this poſſible imputation---that they are the inſidious vehicle of furtive praiſe to the author, and nothing more in their ſubſtance and intention, than a circuitous tribute to his own merits—for, if all this excellence was exhibited in the repreſentation, what are we to ſay of the perſon who laid the foundation for it by his Work? Does not the author then introduce himſelf amongſt the Dramatis Perſonæ *and in compact but pithy dialogue, not leſs grateful to his ear, than the happieſt effuſion which he may have allotted to*

others, ſay, or ſeem to ſay—"You hear what eulogies "have been pronounced upon the performance---ad- "mirable character---chaſte but lively acting, &c. "&c. Ecce homo!---*look at me---I am the man "whoſe compoſition was the baſis of their merits, and "to whoſe fine writing, in the firſt inſtance, they owe "their ſucceſsful performance in the laſt."---For example, when it is affirmed, which is nothing more than common juſtice and ſtrict truth, that the performance of Miſs* FARREN, *in the repreſentation of the* FUGITIVE, *was at once elegant and intelligent, feminine and ſenſible, gracefully ſerious and impreſſively gay---that Mrs.* JORDAN *completely demonſtrated to the town, that parts of tender intereſt are as congenial to her powers, and more cannot be ſaid, as characters of the moſt lively and effective comedy; or that Miſs* POPE *with an admirable dexterity peculiar to herſelf, ſhewed that ſhe could exhibit the humour of vulgar life, unpolluted by the ſtrained and offenſive vulgarity of its manners----that Mrs.* HOPKINS, *Mrs.* KEMBLE *and Mrs.* WARD, *did ample juſtice to their parts----that, to uſe the words of a living writer unrivalled in this department of literature —"no language could do juſtice to the merits of Mr.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING---*that the varied whim and rich luxuriance of* PARSONS *have not been often more ſucceſsfully diſplayed even by himſelf---that the great and ſuperior powers of Meſſrs.* PALMER, DODD, BENSLEY, WROUGHTON *and* WEWITZER, *ſo well known in the diſtinct branches of their art, and ſo juſtly admired by the Town, were exhibited with their uſual felicity, and that all the performers had the juſteſt claims on the approbation and kindneſs of the author—when all this has been ſaid, the queſtion at laſt recurs, whether or no the juſt praiſe which the author has beſtowed does not find its ſource in inſinuated egotiſm, and that under the preſentation of gratitude he has been contriving a crafty panegyric for himſelf.*

The author will not contend with logicians of this ſuſpicious caſt, and as he cannot prove *the opinion which he entertains of himſelf, will reſt content with the conſcious encouragement of his own mind, which perſuades and aſſures him, that it is* poſſible *for an author to do juſtice to others without the ſubtlety of ſelf-adulation; and that there is at leaſt* one *inſtance of gratitude which is not the irregular progeny of conceit.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The author has a distinct acknowledgment to make for the liberal attention, the criticism, and the friendly zeal of Mr. KEMBLE.—*He has also to return his best thanks to the same gentleman for the kind promptitude with which he undertook the performance of Admiral* Cleveland *at a very short notice, and for the able manner with which he acquitted himself.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY RICHARD TICKELL, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. BANNISTER, JUNIOR.

WHAT perturbation flutters in the breaſt
Of the fair Novice, for St. James's dreſt!
What almoſt equal hopes and fears tranſport
The matron friend that *chaperon's* her to court!
Cloſe to the Palace, as her chair draws near,
The very taſſels ſeem to quake with fear.——
On moves her friend, amid the gathering bands
Of ſtars, gold ſticks, blue ribbons, and white wands;
With look that canvaſs and with pleading air
Beſpeaking favour for the ſtranger there;
Who, cloſe behind, while fearfully ſhe goes,
Peeps thro' her fan, and eyes the obſerving beaux.
As, down the labyrinth of ſilk and lace,
They catch a viſta viſion of her face.—
Such are the terrors untried bards diſmay,
Thus to this Court, the Prologue leads the Play;
Actor and author in one panic join'd;
I quake before the curtain; he behind.—
And yet, in modern times, the aſpiring Wit
Braves but few perils from the well dreſs'd pit.
Not as of old, when, train'd to frown and fret,
In murky ſtate, the ſurly ſynod met.
Vain of half learning and of foreign rules,
Vamp'd from the jargon of the antient ſchools,
In black full-bottom'd wig, the Critic God
Shook his umbrageous curls, and gave the nod!
The pit was then all men—how ſhrunk the muſe
From thoſe bleak rows of overhanging yews!
Unlike the gay parterre we now ſalute,
That ſhines at once with bloſſoms and with fruit;
With chequer'd crowds that mingled taſte diſpenſe;
With female ſoftneſs join'd to manly ſenſe.—
Here, if ungenerous ſpleen ſhould ſtrive for vent,
Some fair aſſociate ſoothes it to content;
It's rage with promiſſory looks beguiles,
And checks the incipient hiſs by well-tim'd ſmiles—

The

PROLOGUE.

The vanquiſh'd critics frown, but ſoften faſt;
Hiſs and look—hiſs and look—hiſs and look—and clap
at laſt.
Oh! if each ſterner judge thus mildly view
The poet's toils, what can he dread from you?
From forms with ſympathetic ſoftneſs join'd;
From features faſhion'd to the lovlier mind;
From eyes, where gentleneſs has fix'd her throne;
From roſeate lips, that move in ſmiles alone—
Well may the Fugitive with hope appear,
When every blended grace gives refuge here.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Dartford —	Mr. Dodd.
Sir William Wingrove —	Mr. Bensley.
Mr. Wingrove —	Mr. Wroughton.
Old Manly — —	Mr. Parsons.
Young Manly — —	Mr. Palmer.
Admiral Cleveland —	Mr. King.
Mr. Welford — —	Mr. Barrymore.
Jenkins — —	Mr. Maddox.
Larron — —	Mr. Wewitzer.
O'Donnel — —	Mr. Phillimore.
William — —	Mr. Benson.
Servant — —	Mr. Banks.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Manly — —	Mrs. Hopkins.
Miſs Herbert — —	Miſs Farren.
Miſs Julia Wingrove —	Mrs. Jordan.
Miſs Manly — —	Mrs. Kemble.
Mrs. Larron — —	Miſs Pope.
Mrs. Rachel Cleveland	Mrs. Ward.

THE

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ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in Sir* WILLIAM WINGROVE'*s House.*

Enter Sir WILLIAM *and Miſs* JULIA WINGROVE.

Julia.

LET me intreat you, ſir, to hear me—let reaſon be my advocate.

Sir William. Reaſon, Julia!—You know 'tis my delight, my glory. What conſtitutes the pre-eminence of man, but his reaſon? 'Tis, like the ſacred virtue of high blood, a natural exaltation, of which we can never loſe the advantage, but by voluntary degradation, or perverſe miſuſe—What but reaſon is the foundation of my preference for Lord Dartford?—Is he not of a family as ancient, even as my own?

Julia. Did Lord Dartford inherit any of the virtues, which, probably, acquired thoſe highly valu'd honours of his anceſtry, my father might have ſome cauſe to regret that his daughter's inclinations were at enmity with her duty.

Sir William. And where, madam, have you learnt, that the ſplendor of Lord Dartford's family ſuffers any diminution in his own perſon?

Julia. Where ſome of the happieſt years of my life have been paſſed, ſir, at my dear deceaſed aunt's.

Sir William. Mr. Manly, now, I dare ſay, had not the leaſt ſhare in producing this averſion to Lord Dartford.

Julia. Mr. Manly, ſir!—Mr. Manly wou'd ſcorn—nor can it ever be neceſſary for him to raiſe his own character by a uſeleſs degradation of Lord Dartford.

Sir William. Aye, aye, now we have it—I thought what ſhare the eloquence of your aunt had had in this apoſtacy from the faith of your anceſtors—Mr. Manly, it ſeems, has contrived to make ſo ſucceſsful a monopoly of all the virtues, that there does not remain even the leavings of an accompliſhment for any other perſon.—But ſince I deſpair of making *you* enter into the juſt views of your family, by dutifully conſenting, as you ought, to marry a man for the revered merit of his blood, your brother ſhall try, whether your young ſpark be not compoſed of more practicable materials.

Julia. For heaven's ſake, dear ſir, forego this—What muſt be the conſequence of their meeting?

Sir William. If you have any objection to the interview, you know how to prevent it.

Julia. Oh, ſir, do not force me to ſo dreadful an alternative. I will, if you require it, bind myſelf by the moſt ſolemn engagements to give up all

all thoughts of Mr. Manly, only let me no more be perſecuted with the addreſſes of Lord Dartford.

Sir William. Nay, now I muſt believe you; for where has it been recorded that an enamour'd damſel ever broke a promiſe to an old father, when given at the expence of a young lover?—For once, however, you muſt excuſe me, if I am a little diſobedient to the authority of precedent, and endeavour to find ſome better ſecurity for the honour of my family, even than your love-ſick renunciation of the object of your affections.

Julia. Yet, ſir, hear me.

Sir William. I do hear you—But firſt tell me why have I preſerved you, ſince the deceaſe of your aunt, from all intercourſe with the world, with the ſingle exception of the friendſhip of Miſs Herbert, whoſe approaching alliance with your brother, gives her a common intereſt in the luſtre of our houſe?—Why have I, like a fond parent, forbid you ſociety?—Kept you ſacred from the arts of our ſex and the more dangerous follies of your own ---lock'd you up and guarded you, like the archives of my own family, that you might increaſe in value, as you advanc'd in years?—Why? but to ſecure you from the contagion of a degenerate world---who feel more anxiety about the means of ſupporting new families, than awful reverence for the names of old ones, and would meanly thrive by plebeian induſtry, rather than diet on the rich recollection of their immortal anceſtry.

Julia. But my dear father, juſt now, kindly condeſcended to ſay he would ſuffer me to reaſon with him on this ſubject. Can birth, alone, entitle a man to the high diſtinction you ſpeak of?—And ſurely Lord Dartford—

Sir William. Grant me patience, heaven! Do you call in queſtion the prudence of my choice? Ungrateful Julia, never more will I hear you on

this ſubject—and now attend my final determination—To-morrow you marry Lord Dartford.

Julia. To-morrow, ſir!—You will not—

Sir William. Poſitively to-morrow—neither remonſtrances, nor tears ſhall ſway me from my determin'd purpoſe. I leave you now to your reflections, and go to adjuſt the neceſſary preliminaries of a ceremony, that will recall you, inconſiderate girl, to duty and to reaſon. [*Exit.*

Julia. Is it poſſible!—Can my father thus ſhut his heart to the diſtreſſes of his Julia—My brother too, happy in his own affections, not only abandons me to the intereſted rigour of his cruel ambition, but aſſiſts and animates him in the proſecution of his views.—Wretched! friendleſs Julia—Whither wilt thou turn!—Ah Manly, that amidſt the various excellencies of thy heart there is yet a careleſs generoſity in thy nature—an irregular, though not ungraceful exceſs in thy very virtues, which, though it neither forbids eſteem, nor damps affection, yet gives the alarm to delicacy, and checks the full pleaſure of a fearleſs, unſuſpecting confidence—were it not for this, I think I could not deny myſelf with thee a willing aſylum from the ſeverities of this domeſtic perſecution. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Sir William's Garden.*

Enter Young MANLY.

Young Manly. Thus far, I have atchiev'd my purpoſe without diſcovery—what a devil of a wall have I had to ſcramble up to obtain even the chance of an interview—The ſulky grandeur of your ancient battlements was always the difficulty, and the glory of an enamour'd hero—But what can the maddeſt of the moſt venerable lads of chivalry lay

lay claim to, that does not to the full as reaſonably belong to me? I have all their hopes with all their apprehenſions, all their fears with all their confidence—All their weakneſs with all their fortitude—So I think it cannot be denied but that I poſſeſs as many good, ſound contradictions in my character as the beſt of them—I have not indeed the gift of waiting that thoſe gentlemen had, for I begin already to feel impatient at Julia's delay. Would I cou'd gain but a diſtant glimpſe of her, or hear one ſtrain of her enchanting voice—dear melodious voice! ſoft as a lover's ſigh embodied into muſic, and ſweet as the inſpired eloquence of a conſenting ſmile—But ſoft! ſoft! ſhe approaches, and in tears! let me endeavour to learn the cauſe of them, before I make my appearance; what muſt he be compoſed of, and what does he not deſerve, who has been prophane enough to excite them. [*Retires behind a tree.*

Enter JULIA, *and ſeats herſelf in an alcove.*

Julia. Here let me reſt awhile, and endeavour to collect my ſcattered thoughts. Could it be believed that my father, ſtrict as his general notions of honour are, ſhould think of forcing me to become the wife of a man whom my ſoul abhors!

Young Manly. Forcing thee!

Julia. When, too, he is convinc'd of my being attach'd to another.

Young Manly. To another!

Julia. I think he loves me.

Young Manly. I am ſure he does—that is if I am he.

Julia. He is kind and generous, capable of the moſt ardent, and diſintereſted paſſion.

Young Manly. It muſt be me.

Julia. But he has faults, great faults.

Young

Young Manly. Now I am ſure 'tis me.

Julia. I dread the levity of his nature—Oh Manly, Manly, why cannot I truſt thee.

Young Manly. I am ſure I can't tell.

Julia. How gladly cou'd I owe the relief of my preſent afflictions to thy kindneſs, but for the dread of being afterwards expoſed to the ſeverer calamity of thy indifference. Oh why, why, Manly, cannot I confide in thee!

Young Manly [*comes forward*]. Why indeed! Dear generous Julia, baniſh theſe apprehenſions, I never can injure truth, innocence, and beauty like thine.

Julia. Mr. Manly! How you have alarm'd me! What a raſh ſtep is this—But fly, I conjure you; if you have any regard for my happineſs—fly.

Young Manly. Fly, Julia? Yes, ſwifter than a lover's thought; but you muſt be the partner of my flight.

Julia. You cannot ſurely be ſerious.

Young Manly. So ſerious that I ſhall not ſtir one ſingle ſtep without you—Julia, Julia, this is no time for trifling or for ceremony. To be candid with you, I have overheard you, and if I deſerve puniſhment for the involuntary offence, reſerve it till the danger is over that threatens you.

Julia. Indeed, Mr. Manly, your generous concern for me leaves me as little right, as I have inclination to be ſevere, but therefore it is I intreat you to quit this ſcene of danger—You know the fury of my relations.

Young Manly. Nay, Julia, I care not how ſoon I go—As we depart together you cannot reaſonably ſuſpect me of being an advocate for delay.

Julia. What can you mean?

Young Manly. Mean!—Why to decide my fate on the inſtant—Either to follow you as your humble

humble ſlave through the wide world of happineſs, for it can have no place in it forbidden to delight while you are with me, or meet with reſignation, on the ſpot, the bittereſt reſentment of your vindictive family.

Julia. Oh! Manly, give me not ſuch a fatal proof of your affection—I will conſider of your propoſal by to-morrow—but go now, I beſeech you.

Young Manly. Not a ſtep—If I am ſtubborn, Julia, you are my example. I have not often ſuch authority for my conduct—I will not quit you till I am aſſured of your deliverance from this unnatural tyranny.

Julia. Hear me for a moment—I do not wiſh to conceal from you how much my gratitude is intereſted in your ſafety—The embarraſſment of my preſent ſituation, added to this dangerous evidence of your attachment, will, I hope, in ſome meaſure, excuſe me for the confeſſion I am about to——But indeed, Sir, indeed—what ſhall I ſay? A womaniſh apprehenſion prevails over my tongue, and ſways it from the direction of my heart, in ſpite of me—Indeed, I cannot go with you—Character, prudence, duty forbid it.

Young Manly. I confeſs, madam, I was prepared to expect more candour, and more deciſion from the lips of Miſs Wingrove.

Julia. Dear Manly, I thank you for this rebuke—it brings me back to myſelf—ſomething muſt be allowed to the fond agitation of a woman's fears—but they are gone; Love himſelf, unfriendly as he is to truth, yet ſmiles propitiouſly upon a ſlow obedience to it at laſt.—Meet me at one, in the avenue before our houſe, and then with more ſafety to my Henry, as well as more ſecurity to our enterprize, I will reſign myſelf and all my hopes to your faithful guidance.

Young

Young Manly. Deareſt Julia, on my knees I thank you—I am oppreſſed at once with love and gratitude—It is needleſs to ſay with what anxious, vigilant punctuality, I will obey your mandate—with what idolatry of ſubmiſſive affection, I will watch over every riſing thought, and half-formed object of your future life. [*Riſes.*] From this moment, then, diſmiſs all apprehenſion of your Henry's levity, and be ſatisfied that——

Julia. I am ſatisfied—Surely, I have proved I am ſo—But intereſting as your converſation always is, and on this theme fraught with peculiar endearment, I muſt deprive myſelf of it—You muſt go—pray obey me now—My turn for obedience approaches faſt. Remember.

Young Manly. Can I forget the conſecrated moment! Adieu, ever deareſt, till then.

Julia. Adieu, dear Manly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Lord Dartford's Houſe.*

Enter LORD DARTFORD, *followed by* JENKINS.

Lord Dartford. Jenkins, does Sir William know of my arrival here?

Jenkins. He does, my lord.

Lord Dartford. Well, I ſuppoſe I muſt pay the firſt viſit—But hold, ſhould not I bruſh up my ſtyle a little, to enable me to undergo this encounter of genealogy? No—I believe there is no occaſion; the ſecret lies in a ſhort compaſs—Pedigree's the word—and one of your real accurate lovers of hiſtorical virtu—will believe any thing—And ſo, we'll truſt to chance and the aſſiſtance of ſuch convenient abſurdities as may happen to ariſe [*A knocking at the door.*]—But ſee who's there, Jenkins.

[*Jenkins goes, and introduces Sir William Wingrove.*

Sir William. I hope, my lord, my preſence, thus unannounced, does not interrupt any of your lordſhip's weightier concerns.

Lord Dartford. It is impoſſible that the favour of Sir William Wingrove's company can ever be felt as an intruſion.

Sir William. Your lordſhip is kindneſs itſelf—[*They ſit down*] It is a doubtful point with me, my lord, in the alliance which is upon the eve of accompliſhment, by which party the honour will be given or received.

Lord Dartford. So he's off already—there's but one way for me—I ſhould ill deſerve my good fortune, Sir William, were I not ſenſible that the honour and the happineſs are both eminently mine.

Sir William. Why, my lord, that is by no means a clear caſe—I perceive that your lordſhip poſſeſſes a very competent knowledge of the antiquity of our family; but to deal candidly with you, I believe yours takes its riſe nearly about the ſame time—pretty nearly, that is to ſay—I mean within a century of us, or ſome ſuch trifle—I dare ſay it does; for the Dartford family may be very clearly traced to the conqueſt.

Lord Dartford. The conqueſt, Sir William, is modern—It is not long ſince I peruſed a valuable manuſcript, that makes very honourable mention of the Wingroves, in one of the remoter reigns of the Saxon Heptarchy.

Sir William. Could your lordſhip procure me a ſight of that manuſcript? The favour will be infinite.

Lord Dartford. Sir William may rely upon it, that if my friend can be prevailed upon to reſign the parchment, I ſhall be happy in promoting his wiſh. [*Aſide.*] And if he does, his politeneſs muſt

poſitively be of a moſt accommodating caſt, to enable him to part with what he never had.

Sir William. In one of the remoter reigns of the Saxon Heptarchy! Is it poſſible! But why not poſſible?—To what times may not the family of the Wingroves be traced by the laudable diligence of learned enquiry? Even up to the dark periods of early nature, of rudeneſs, ignorance, and barbarity, where Knowledge fails us, and Hiſtory herſelf is loſt in the confuſion of her materials.

[*Muſes.*

Lord Dartford. Now will he not be content till he has purſued his high birth to the illuſtrious parentage of a ſavage, and drawn the boaſted ſtream of his pure blood from the polluted leavings of the deluge.

Sir William. Now, my lord, to buſineſs—The fifty thouſand pounds which I purpoſe as my daughter's dower, is but a ſmall, and indeed inadequate compenſation for the honour of your dignified alliance—Happy, but too happy, ſhould we all feel ourſelves, if her inclinations accorded with our wiſhes, and acquieſced in the brilliant proviſion we have made for her—But ſhe is perverſe, my lord, unaccountably perverſe—Yet ſubmit ſhe ſhall, and that without delay—I am fixed, immutably fixed—But if your lordſhip will do me the honour to accompany me to my houſe, I will there explain to your lordſhip the difficulties we have to encounter, and the expedients we have provided to overcome them—Nay, my lord.

[*Contending on the etiquette of precedency.*

Lord Dartford. Impoſſible, Sir William! mere title is adventitious, birth inherent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Road, with a diſtant View of Sir William Wingrove's Houſe.*

Enter YOUNG MANLY, *ſinging.*

Young Manly. Was there ever ſuch a happy, unlucky dog as myſelf—happy beyond the narrow bounds of mortal imagination in the love of my Julia—but horribly unlucky, that the certainty and near approach of my felicity has quite bereft me of my ſenſes—Juſt as I had abandoned myſelf to deſpair, to be raiſed in one delicious half-hour to the ſummit of——Oh! egad there's no bearing it! I ſhall run mad—I am mad, that's certain.

[*Sings and dances.*

Enter ADMIRAL CLEVELAND.

Admiral. So, ſo—there's young Frolickſome in his whirligigs—What, 'Squire Madcap, are you practiſing how to make a fool of yourſelf?—Don't take ſo much trouble, young man; you can ſucceed pretty well without ſo much pains.

Young Manly. Ha! my old man of war—give me your hand—When ſhall you and I go upon a voyage to the——

Admiral. To the moon, Eh! young Freſh-water? Why, you ſeem to be in her latitude already; or have you been ſtowing in a freſh lading of champagne?

Young Manly. Your firſt conjecture is perhaps a little near the mark; for my underſtanding, I believe, is rather upon the go; but as for champagne—curſe champagne.

Admiral. What then you have been in a tight engagement at play, and have brought the enemy to——A'nt that it, my young ſhark?

Young Manly. No, no, my heart of oak; I defy the power of gold to diſorder my ſenſes—But,

what do you think, my noble commander, of gaining the woman one loves. Can your old weather-beaten fancy conceive any joy equal to that?

Admiral. Why, I don't think I can; unleſs it be ſeeing an enemy's ſhip ſtrike; and that does give the ſenſes a whirl that none but a ſeaman can be a judge of.

Young Manly. Why then, as I am a ſtranger to naval ſenſations, the pleaſure of being beloved by an angel, muſt ſerve *my* turn—When conquered beauty prepares to yield—when willing love ſtrikes the flag—that's the whirl for my money.

Admiral. Well, that's good-natured, however, to rejoice at the thoughts of an engagement, where you are ſure to have the worſt on't?

Young Manly. Dear admiral, had I but known you when I was a boy.

Admiral. What then?

Young Manly. Then? Do you aſk me what then? Oh, Julia!

" My ſoul hath her conſent ſo abſolute,
" That not another comfort like to this
" Succeeds in unknown fate."

Admiral. Poor young man—Well, my lad, when your wits are at anchor, though I fear the veſſel's too crazy ever to ſee port again, you and I may drink a can together—till then, your ſervant.

Young Manly. Nay, nay, don't go yet.

[*Dancing.*

Admiral. Why, damn you, you vere about ſo, one might as well look for anchorage in a whirlpool, as think to hold a parley with you.

Young Manly. Well, come then, I will be ſerious—Do you ever pray at ſea, admiral?

Admiral. Why, what ſhould we pray for? Except, indeed, when there's danger in the wind, and then, to be ſure, that alters the caſe.

Young

Young Manly. Well, now, there lies your error.

Admiral. Error!—meaning me.—You?

Young Manly. Aye!—I hold it ſuch an abominable ignorance of duty.

Admiral. Ignorance of duty!—why, you palavering whipper ſnapper, am I to be taught my duty, after having had the command of a fleet, by ſuch a ſneaking ſon of a whore as you?

Young Manly. Nay, but why ſo hot, my good friend? You cannot think I meant to offend you?

Admiral. Not mean to offend, when you tell me I don't know how to command? Ignorance of duty, indeed—Out of my way, you live lumber—Damn you, I only thought you were mad, but now I find you're a fool. [*Exit.*

Young Manly. Ha! ha! ha! ha! At any other time I ſhould have been a good deal vexed to have offended old True Blue, that's certain; but at this moment my heart's ſo crouded with ſenſations of mirth and joy—with ſuch a confuſed jumble of contending raptures—with ſo much delight at what has already paſſed, and ſuch a maddening anticipation of what is yet to come, that no thought of apprehenſive care can obtain ſanctuary in my boſom. My dear Julia, my own Julia! Oh! that idea overpowers me with tranſport—Gad ſo, there's Sir William—If I ſtay here much longer, playing the fool, I ſhall be obſerved by ſome of the family, and then—adieu to all my hopes—What ſhall I do?—I'll return to the Star Inn, which is juſt in view of the houſe, and deceive the tedious interval with my companions whom I left there, till my fair day ſtar ariſes, that leads me to new life, to happineſs and love. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A nearer View of* SIR WILLIAM WINGROVE'S *Houſe.* (*Moon-light.*)

Enter JULIA. *She opens the Door gently; and after an Appearance of Irreſolution, ſhuts it after her. She then comes forward.*

Julia.

SO, now my fate's decided!—What have I done?—I dare not think upon it—If Manly now deceives me, I am undone—Shall I go back?—and conſent to be the wife of Lord Dartford—that muſt follow—for but too well I know, that tenderneſs never yet prevailed upon the ſtern ambition of my father's nature—But why ſhould I doubt my Henry's unſtained honour?—Though he is wild, whom did he ever wrong?—Pardon, dear Manly—pardon the unjuſt ſuſpicion of thy Julia—and ſee he comes to clear my heart of doubt.

[*Manly ſings without.*

Oh, Gracious Heaven, is this the man I've choſen to be the guardian of my honour—Fly, fly, my feet—let me but reach my father's—The door is faſt; I have now no hope left, unleſs the wild confuſion that wine has made in him, prevent his obſerving me. Heaven grant it may.

[*Conceals herſelf behind a tree, and draws a veil over her face.*

Enter YOUNG MANLY *ſinging.*

" Heighten every joy to-day, and never mind
" to-morrow."

Aye, ſo ſay I—The preſent—the preſent is the only time that's worth a wiſe man's concern—why ſhould we give ourſelves any trouble about to-morrow, when we don't know that to-morrow will ever

ever reach us?—or that we ſhall reach it, which is pretty nearly the ſame thing, I take it; and then there is juſt ſo much good care thrown away.—Fore Heaven, the man that wrote that ſong muſt have been a moſt profound perſon—That ſingle line ought to have immortalized him—It ſhall be my motto. [*Sings.*

"Why the plague ſhould we be ſad,
Whilſt on earth we moulder;
Whether we're merry, or grave, or mad,
We every day grow older."

'Sdeath, the ground's full of rocks and quick-ſands, I think; my feet either ſink or ſtumble at every ſtep—What can be the reaſon? I that am ſo ſteady a goer—always, always was—all my life—Egad, I believe the thickets are going to dance—May be, they miſtake me for Orpheus—Nay, gentlemen, if you pay ſuch a compliment to my ſinging, I can do no leſs than take a turn with you—I am as frolicſome as you can be for the ſoul of you—So now, let me chuſe my partner.

[*Catches at a tree, behind which Julia is concealed, who ſhrieks.*

By all the ſylvan powers, another Daphne. [*Kneels.* Madam, behold a ſwain, not altogether ſo muſical as Apollo, I grant you, but a good honeſt fellow for all that—So, madam, ſo—pſha, never mind more words—let us go.

Julia. Oh, my hard fortune?

Manly. What do you ſay?—Speak out, my angel—I know that your voice is more tuneful than Philomel's, or mine—that your eyes are the ſparkling harbingers of love—that your dimples are the choſen hiding-places of all the Cupids—and thoſe lips!—But hold—rot it—I had forgot—I can't ſee e'er a one of them—Never mind—no matter for that—I dare ſay it's all true; and if it isn't, why then we muſt mend the matter with thinking.

Julia.

Julia. Oh, heavens! is it poſſible!

Young Manly. No, certainly—it cannot be poſſible—it is'n't poſſible—Come, come, I know you are kind as you are beautiful, and ſo it is poſſible—and ſo, without more waſte of time, come to my arms, and——

Julia. It is in vain to reaſon with him in this ſtate—I muſt endeavour to divert his attention, and by that means eſcape him if I can.—If you will permit me to be your guide—

Young Manly. Enough, my pretty pilot; take me where you will. We will never part any more, ſhall we? No, never.

Julia. I dare ſay not, ſir.

Young Manly. Not, ſir?—Why to be ſure not, ſir—Never, never, never.

Julia. Let us walk quickly. [*Aſide.*] Oh! Heaven, aſſiſt me.

Young Manly. As quick as you pleaſe, my angel—I'll fly, if you chuſe, for I'm very ſteady, and very loving. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Wood.*

Enter JULIA.

Julia. At length, thank Heaven, I have eſcaped—eſcaped—but is this a place of ſafety! What will become of me? Yet 'tis ſome comfort, that the day appears—Oh, Manly, thou haſt made life hateful to me.—Who comes here?—I've ſurely ſeen his face. Oh! I remember I have ſeen him ſometimes at my aunt's, with lace and gauzes—If he ſhould not know me, perhaps I may prevail on him to conceal me—He has a wife, I know. Let me conſider what I ſhall ſay to him.

Enter LARRON *(with bundles.)*

Deſe villain Cuſtome-houſe Officers give von honeſt man no reſte—You go to bed late—you riſe

riſe early—pardie—you ſit up all night—it make no difference, dey vil be vid you—Ma foi, I believe dey tink ſleep contrabande [*ſees Julia.*] Ah! par St. Dominique, here be von young ladi en great agitation—Ah! par hazard her equipage eſt un peu derangé, and ſhe be retire here till tout ſoit ajuſtè—a littel civilitiè de ma parte, me produira peutétre beaucoup de pratique on de ladi's—En veritè de torough bred trader know how to faire ſon profit de chaque circonſtance——Madame, excuſè—but you ſeem beaucoup affligè ſi Madame —if I can by de utmoſt exertion of mine contribuer en de ſmalleſt inſtance to votre accomodation, I ſhall conſider de fortune vich led me dis vay, as de plus grande felicité de ma vie, de greateſt happineſs of my life.

Julia. He ſpeaks very civilly; I think I may venture to tell him ſo much of my unhappy ſituation, as may let him know how much I need his aſſiſtance.

Larron. Madam, you no anſere—May I beg de faveur to be informe, if I can merite l'honneur de vous rendre le moindre ſervice? Your ſervants, Madame, ave you any littel meſſage to convey to dem? May I hope you vill permit a me de vous eſcorter a votre caroſſe?

Julia. Sir, you miſtake the matter entirely—I have neither coach, ſervants, nor friends at preſent —The cruelty of one in whom I moſt confided, has involved me in this calamity; and I muſt thankfully avail myſelf of your obliging offers of ſervice, by entreating the ſhelter of your roof, till I can diſpoſe of myſelf, ſo as not to be an incumbrance to any one.

Larron. Eh, my dear—vat you ſay?—You no coche, no ſervantes, no friend, no houſe, no home, you vant to come and live a vid me?—Non, non, ma fille—dat vill not do—non, non—Dere be de

vat do you call? de maiſon d'induſtrie, de vork-houſe for de poor girl—Perſonne go to my houſe, but ſuch as peut faire une belle depenſe.

Julia. [*Aſide.*] Mercenary wretch! [*Going.*

Larron. Holla! you littel girl—you tell me, can you vorke? Suppoſe dat I vas to take pitié upon your condition, can you pay me vell dere-fore?

Julia. What ſhall I ſay? I muſt bear with his low impertinence, to induce him to give me a ſhelter. [*To Larron.*] I can, ſir, embroider neatly, and make lace.

Larron. Oh pardie, you be von littel buſy bee! —You can make love, too. Can you not, my dear?

Julia. Inſupportable!—If, Sir, you conſider the favour you ſeemed inclined to confer, as a ſanction for your impertinent freedom, I muſt beg you to leave me to my misfortunes.

Larron. Comme vous voulez, ma fille—dere not be many dat vill take you in—You may meet vid ſome, if you ſtay here long, dat vill make you vorſe offer.

Julia. That's too true!—If I get to his houſe, his wife will protect me from his odious familiarity—I muſt try to make my peace. [*To Larron.*] Perhaps, Sir, I have been too haſty. If you will conduct me to your houſe, I ſhall conſider it as an obligation which I ſhall endeavour by my utmoſt induſtry to repay.

Larron. Ha, hah!—You ſay ſo?—Vell den I vill tink about it. [*Aſide.*] She poor, ſhe pretty, ſhe vorke—Mais elle eſt fiere comme une princeſſe —Vell, I vill have her—She be von fille dat know de vorld; it ſave ſo much trouble—She be von pauvre innocente, my glory vill be de greater. [*To Julia.*] You be good girl, and I vill take you —I vill inform you vat you ſay to my vife as ve go along.

Julia. How one raſh ſtep has involved me in a labyrinth of difficulties—I ſee no end to it; yet dare not tread back the way I've gone. [*To Larron.*] Very well, Sir.

Larron. Vell, you hold up your head—You not be ſo caſt down. Tenez—you carry dis bondel—you valk firſt—If you ſee un homme dat look like von officer des cuſtome, you run ſtraight forward till you come to de ſtile, and vait dere for me.

Julia. Excuſe me, Sir; I cannot conſent to be employed in any unfair tranſaction.

Larron. Vat you not ſmogel for me, petite ingrate?—Muſt I not ſmogel for you? Muſt I not run you upon my vife? Are you not von littel piece of contrabande vous meme?—You ſee, my dear, you have to deal vid von bel eſprit—but prenez courage, I vill not be too hard vid you—A ça—you vill do ver vell by and by. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. SIR WILLIAM WINGROVE'S *Houſe.*

Enter Mr. WINGROVE.

Mr. Wingrove. How powerful is the influence of prejudice. My reaſon convinces me that there is no other juſt criterion for deciding upon the merits of men, but ſuch as grows out of their own perſonal good or ill properties. If it were true, that the qualities of the parent were tranſmitted to the progeny, then, indeed, it might be as neceſſary to eſtabliſh the genealogy of a man, as to aſcertain the pedigree of a horſe. But the properties of the mind elude the frail laws of hereditary deſcent, and own no ſort of obedience to their authority—How is it, then, that with this diſtinct light before me; I cannot help falling into my father's prejudices?—I feel them to be unjuſt; I know them to be abſurd: and yet, unjuſt and abſurd as they are, they influence my conduct in ſpite of me.—

I love my ſiſter—I know her affections are engaged to Young Manly—I am ſatisfied he is worthy of her—Yet I am adverſe to the match, and conſpire with my father in throwing every obſtacle in the way of its completion, and in favour of whom? Of Lord Dartford, a man void of feeling, ſentiment, or ſincerity—uniting in him every contradiction of depravity; cold, gay, oſtentatious, and intereſted—But he is a man of birth—Deſpicable diſtinction.

Enter O'DONNEL.

O'Donnel. Oh, Sir, Sir!—my young maſter—the houſe is in an uproar, Sir, Sir.

Mr. Wingrove. Well, Sir, what's the matter?

O'Donnel. Oh! I don't know what's the matter, Sir; my young lady's the matter, Sir—We're all undone, Sir—She's gone, Sir—Nobody knows where, Sir,

Mr. Wingrove. My ſiſter gone! impoſſible—Degenerate Julia! Is it thus you reward the kind, the anxious zeal of your friends to place you in a ſituation worthy the exalted regard they entertained for you; to throw yourſelf away upon the mean pretenſions of a plebeain——But where is my father?—Let me fly to him with the news of this diſaſter. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir WILLIAM, *with ſervants.*

Sir William. I'll not believe that ſhe is gone—gone!—What—my daughter eloped at midnight! Go all of you and ſearch again—I am certain ſhe is hid ſomewhere.

O'Donnel. Suppoſe your honour then was to order the canal and the fiſh-ponds to be ſarched, for I am certain if ſhe be hid, it muſt be at the bottom of one of them.

Sir

Sir William. Be dumb, horrible brute—Would you have me think—Did I ever give her cauſe—Was I not ever the fondeſt of parents?

O'Donnel. Sartinly, your honour meant it all for her good. But when a young lady finds nothing to plaſe her in this world, ſhe is apt ſometimes to take a peep into the other to try the difference.

Sir William. Begone I ſay—find her, or I'll diſcharge you all for your negligence in ſuffering her to eſcape. [*Exit. O'Donnel and ſervants.*] The conjectures of this blundering blockhead terrify me—I hope Julia has not in a fit of raſh perverſeneſs—Yet I think her piety—

Re-enter Mr. WINGROVE.

Well, William, any news of your ſiſter.

Mr. Wingrove. No, ſir, no news—but of her diſhonour, diſgraceful girl!

Sir William. O'Donnel alarms me exceedingly—he thinks that in a phrenzy of diſappointed paſſion ſhe has———

Mr. Wingrove. No, my dear ſir, Julia is not ſo weary of life—The porter tells me he found all the doors leading to the road unbarr'd this morning. Wou'd I cou'd diſcover whether ſhe had a companion in her flight—If ſhe be not recovered ſpeedily the diſgrace will be indelible—Lord Dartford will be here ſoon. What ſhall we ſay to him? Oh! ſhameleſs Julia.

Sir William. Forbear, my ſon—theſe violent tranſports diſtreſs me even more than your ſiſter's flight—Conſider that it is thro' you the pure blood of our family muſt deſcend to poſterity—that thro' you the name of Wingrove muſt be tranſmitted to ages as diſtant and unknown as thoſe from whence it ſprung. Reflect a little, my ſon, bring reaſon to your aid, and conſider how trifling

and

and inſignificant are the misfortunes of your ſiſter, compar'd to objects ſo important, and ſo ſacred as theſe—Be calm then, William.

Mr. *Wingrove.* I will endeavour it, ſir.

Sir. William. If you were to go to Miſs Herbert's, her acquaintance is ſo extenſive, you perhaps may obtain ſome information of Julia there—Go, go, my ſon.

Mr. *Wingrove.* I obey you, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter O'DONNEL.

O'Donnel. Lord Dartford, your honour.

Sir William. He has not been inform'd of my daughter's abſence?

O'Donnel. No, your honour; not a ſyllable has been ſpoken to him ſince he entered the houſe.

Sir William. Where is he now?

O'Donnel. In the ſaloon, ſir, in arneſt diſcourſe with your honour's chaplain.

Sir William. Blockhead!—I'll go to him then. [*Exit.*

O'Donnel. Oh! 'tis a pretty blundering piece of buſineſs fait.—Devil burn me, but if I didn't tink how it wou'd end. There's nothing ſo ſure to make a young lady run away, as keeping her faſt by the heels—O if I had a wife that I wanted to get rid of, fait, I wou'd keep her ſafe under lock and key. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Miſs* HERBERT'*s houſe.*

Enter Miſs HERBERT, *and Mrs.* RACHEL CLEVELAND.

Miſs Herbert. Miſs Wingrove elop'd aunt? Heaven grant it may be true! and that thoſe to whom ſhe has fled for refuge may be ſenſible of her merit—tho' I think I can gueſs the perſon.

Mrs.

Mrs. Rachel. I have heard it ſuppoſed that young Mr. Manly had a place in her affections—if he is the protector ſhe has made choice of, I fear the lady's character, and the young man's life are in equal danger.

Miſs Herbert. The adventure wears a much leſs formidable aſpect to me, I confeſs, provided ſhe eſcapes her father's purſuit—Oh how I ſhall enjoy the vexation of Sir William and his ſon, at finding all the views of their perſecuting ambition, thus happily diſappointed.

Mrs. Rachel. Nay, Harriett, now I think you do not ſpeak with your uſual ſincerity—Mr. Wingrove I am perſuaded is not indifferent to you.

Miſs Herbert. Dear aunt, you are partly right, and partly wrong. Mr. Wingrove has, I acknowledge, touch'd my heart a little, but the contagion has not yet made its way to my head—for tho' the little god may have thrown away upon me, an idle arrow, or ſo, he has kept his bandage as an embelliſhment to his own perſon: I can ſee the failings of my ſwain as well as another.

Mrs. Rachel. You're a mad girl.

Enter a ſervant.

Servant. Mr. Wingrove, madam.

Miſs Herbert. Deſire him to walk up

[*Exit. ſervant.*]

Now I muſt teaze him a little—do not oppoſe me my dear aunt. I've a mind to lead him to believe, that his ſiſter is under my protection—this will ſerve her, by ſtopping further purſuit for a while, and at the ſame time put him into a moſt entertaining rage with me.

Enter Mr. WINGROVE.

But dear madam, have you been kind enough to ſee

ſee that every avenue to the eaſt wing of the houſe is ſecur'd? has good care been taken that the poſtern gate at the lower end of the weſtern parterre is properly faſten'd?—Are the man traps all ready for ſnapping? Are the ſpikes new ſharpen'd on the ſouth wall?—Have orders been given that if any of the inquiſitive family of the Wingrove's—Oh! Mr. Wingrove!—you come upon one ſo ſuddenly—but, I am overjoyed to ſee you, ſir.

Mr. *Wingrove.* I am bound in politeneſs, madam, to return the compliment; yet after what I heard at my entrance, there would perhaps have been no great offence to truth, if the joy had been ſuppreſs'd on both ſides.

Miſs *Herbert.* You do well, ſir, not to expreſs more than you feel.

Mr. *Wingrove.* If I did, madam, it appears I ſhou'd not want a precedent for my juſtification.

Miſs *Herbert.* But why, Mr. Wingrove, if as you are conſtantly telling one I uſe you ſo very, very ill, why will you throw yourſelf perpetually in my way?—I don't recollect that I ſent for you—Did I aunt? Did any body go to deſire dear Mr. Wingrove to come to us?—I forget, I vow.—And yet perhaps I might—for I know it does him a world of good, poor dear man!—He is fond of primitive times, and like all your good people of thoſe days, loves to throw himſelf in the way of a little wholeſome perſecution—But now, ſir, anſwer me this, you unjuſt—you ungrateful man, you—Did I ever diſappoint you whenever you came here for a little healthful mortification in a morning?—Was I ever the perſon to ſend you away without your errand?—No, ſir, with all your malice, I defy you to lay that to my charge.

Mr. *Wingrove.* Madam, I have many obligations to be ſure to the gentleneſs of your nature; but

but I entreat you not to add one more to the many kindneſſes I to owe it, that of driving me to diſtraction—will you have the goodneſs to anſwer me, madam—Is not my ſiſter here?

Miſs *Herbert.* Bleſs me, ſir, and ſuppoſe ſhe is—But it is all of a piece—You ſet out with informing me you were very ſorry to ſee me, and now you would forbid me all intercourſe with the only part of your family I have any deſire to be acquainted with.

Mr. *Wingrove.* Let me conjure you, my dear lovely tyrant not to play with my anxiety—ſuſpend a while the triumphs of your ſarcaſm, you cannot miſunderſtand the agitations of my heart at this moment—you know the cauſe of them—If you have given my ſiſter an aſylum——

Miſs *Herbert.* Then, ſir, with equal ſolemnity, I deſire you to believe, that if I have given your ſiſter the ſhelter you imagine, I ſhall not withdraw it to gratify the prejudices of any of her relations; beſides, ſir, were your ſiſter aſſured ſhe ſhould be ſecure from the odious danger that threatens her from a man ſhe deteſts, ſhe would I am convinced be happy to throw herſelf at her father's feet, and on that condition———

Mr. *Wingrove.* It is a condition, however, that will not be granted her, madam. What, when our honour, when the dignity of our houſe are committed—ſhall all be ſacrificed to the frivolous partiality of a diſobedient girl.

Miſs *Herbert.* Give me leave, ſir, to tell you, that you ſeem to me to miſtake this honour for which you declaim ſo warmly; honour holds no ſociety with injuſtice.

Mr. *Wingrove.* Injuſtice! madam!

Miſs *Herbert.* Yes, ſir, there can be no injuſtice equal to that of compelling a woman to ſo ſacred a

connection as a married union againſt the known and ſettled preference of her heart. It is beſides, ſir, acting a very ungenerous part towards Lord Dartford himſelf.

Mr. *Wingrove.* Not at all, madam; Lord Dartford knows of her averſion, and has ſpirit enough to diſregard it.

Miſs *Herbert.* Does he, ſir; then indeed there can be no doubt, with all due deference to his ſpirit, but he merits it—But in the mean time Mr. Wingrove, permit me to embrace the very earlieſt opportunity of expreſſing my gratitude for this new philoſophy you have been kind enough to teach us. You are the firſt lover I believe that ever told his miſtreſs to her face, that a union of the affections was a ſuperfluous ingredient in the compoſition of matrimony—You made the diſcovery, ſir.—You will leave it to me, to make the proper uſe of it.

Mr. *Wingrove.* Nay, madam, if you are determined to make no other uſe of what I ſay, but to pervert it into ridicule or injury, I know nothing that's left me, but to uſe the only privilege which I think you will not deny me, that of making a ſpeedy departure. I have long deſpaired of exciting any ſympathy in you towards myſelf, yet the diſtreſſes of an afflicted brother, I had fondly believed, would have inclined you to forbearance at leaſt, if they had failed to produce any more active effect upon your humanity. [*Exit.*

Miſs *Herbert.* Haughty to the laſt—Well, thank heaven this interview is over. Julia, I have fought hard for you.

Mrs. *Rachel.* Indeed, my dear neice, you carry matters too far; you will certainly loſe Mr. Wingrove ſome of theſe days, if you perſevere in your preſent treatment of him.

Miſs

Miſs *Herbert*. No, my dear madam—certainly no—The ſymptoms of love vary with the difference of conſtitution, and in a lively nature there is no ſurer proof of it, than a little playful malignity—and that the man ought to have ſenſe enough to underſtand; or, wanting that, I am ſure he has too little to entitle him to become the lord and maſter of a young woman of my ſpirit and pretenſions.

Mrs. *Rachel*. Aye, but have a care, Harriet.

Miſs *Herbert*. Well, madam, I'll do my beſt—but, indeed, if I cannot laugh and teaze him out of ſome of his faults, we ſhall make a miſerable couple. I can be a willing ſlave to a gentle maſter, but I ſhould prove a moſt rebellious ſubject to a tyrant, I am certain. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V. *Mr.* MANLY's.

Enter Young MANLY.

Young Manly. Heigho! What is't o'clock—I wonder? My head aches horridly—perhaps a little tea timely adminiſtered will ſet all to rights; we'll try.

Enter WILLIAM.

William, how came I to have no better accommodation than the ſopha laſt night?---I ſuppoſe I was a little gone, but you might have put me to bed, ſirrah.

William. Sir, you know I was'nt at home, you employed me elſewhere.

Young Manly. Elſewhere? Hang me if I remember---why, how did I employ you?

William. You know, ſir, when I called upon you at the Star Inn, you ſent me to hire a little veſſel to carry you and Miſs Wingrove to France.

Young Manly. Miſs Wingrove and me to France! peace you prophane raſcal.

William. Dear ſir, I wonder you ſhould forget--- You know you was almoſt beſide yourſelf for joy yeſterday, and told me that Miſs had conſented to be your's, and that you ſhould marry her in France firſt, for fear of accidents, and then you bid me hire a good tight veſſel, and to tell the maſter, that if he would bring to, in the weſt creek, and put to ſea directly upon your getting on board, you wou'd give him a hundred guineas as ſoon as he had landed you upon the coaſt of France.

Mr. *Manly.* Eh!---how?---Miſs Wingrove---Coaſt of France!

William. But it growing day-light, and the captain getting ſulky, thinking as I had made a fool of him, I made the beſt of my way home to ſee what was the matter, and now it's all the talk this morning that Miſs Wingrove is run away.

Young Manly. What's that? Julia left her father's!---And where is ſhe? Tell me this inſtant.

William. Dear heart, ſir! why how ſhould I know! I thought ſhe had been with you.

Young Manly. This is moſt unintelligible--- William, are you ſure I am awake now? Don't laugh you raſcal---Speak, fool, are you certain I am awake I ſay---I believe I had better convince myſelf by beating the fellow handſomely, what ſay you, ſir?

William. Why, ſir, only---that if it be the ſame thing to your honour, I would as lieve you would be ſo good as try ſome other experiment.

Young Manly. Heavens, what a confuſion of horrors breaks in upon my mind---My Julia fled, and

and I not the partner of her flight!---Oh! I dare not ſpeak my apprehenſions even to myſelf!--- If they are true, I am undone---Wretch that I am were that all, it would be a trifle; but, Julia, my life, my ſoul, my love, I have ruined thee. I feel it all come ruſhing o'er my mind; yet ſtill it has the wildneſs of a dream---I recollect ſomething of a fair creature weeping and entreating me to let her go---Was it poſſible, that in any ſtate I could let her ſue in vain.

William. I hope, Sir, you'll forgive me for being ſo bold, but I am afraid Miſs and you have had ſome difference.

Young Manly. What's that to you, Sir?---Contemptible villain that I am, I bluſh that my own ſervant ſhould gueſs at my conduct---Yet ſhe has eſcaped Lord Dartford---How know I what ſhe has eſcaped, or what endured? Thoſe heavenly charms of her's may have expoſed her to worſe than robbery! Yet ſurely her melodious tongue would ſubdue a tyger!---Did it ſoften thee, thou more obdurate far than any other of thy kindred ſavages in the foreſt?---And yet 'tis hard---'Twas to her own dear health I ſacrificed my reaſon--- Oh! Julia,---if I had lov'd thee leſs, I had not deſerved to have loſt thee---Perhaps William might get ſome intelligence---I cannot let him know how I have acted---Selfiſh wretch, doſt thou ſtart at ſhame?---May he not bring word where ſhe has taken refuge---Poſſibly I can ſerve her---Not for myſelf---I renounce all hope---Yet if I can but ſerve her---William.

William. Sir.

Young Manly. I have behaved like a ſcoundrel, William---worſe than a brute. I went to meet Miſs Wingrove, and you find how I qualified myſelf to be her protector.---Where ſhe is, I know

know not---Go, enquire, good William---and be ſpeedy---Go to her father's---every where---and bring me word before I'm quite diſtracted---Stay, I'll go too---we'll divide, and meet at the poſt-houſe an hour hence.

William. Sir, you're ſo much flurried, you had better ſtay here till I come back.

Young Manly. Don't talk, Sir---And do you hear?---Take care you don't get drunk, Sir---I know your failing, raſcal; but when matters of importance are in agitation, none---no, none but a ſcoundrel like myſelf would degrade his nature by baſely unfitting it for all the functions which render it either uſeful or reſpectable. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I. LARRON's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. LARRON *and* JULIA.

Mrs. Larron.

SO, my pretty young madam, I have found you out, have I. But I gueſſed how it was from the firſt, huſſey.

Julia. Is there any thing I can ſay that will convince you?

Mrs. *Larron.* Why no, to be ſure there an't---Don't you think as all you ſays muſt go for nothing, after all that fine maſquerading ſtory trumped up between my huſband and you? He ſaid you was juſt com'd out of a nunnery. What ſort of a nunnery was it, I wonder?

Julia.

Julia. Good Madam, let me prevail on you to liſten to my unhappy ſtory.

Mrs. *Larron.* Well, child, you may go on, I hears you.

Julia. Your huſband found me this morning, deprived (by a moſt unlooked-for accident) of friends, of home, of every thing.

Mrs. *Larron.* You muſt be a good un by that ---Well, let's hear---go on, child.

Julia. I made him acquainted with my diſtreſs, and he agreed to afford me ſhelter, till I could form ſome plan, adapted to my melancholy ſituation.

Mrs. *Larron.* And ſo you'd have me believe, as you and my huſband know'd nothing of one another before this morning?---Hey?

Julia. I can ſolemnly aſſure you, that this morning was the firſt of our acquaintance.

Mrs. *Larron.* Well, have a care that you doesn't equivikit now---If I finds you equivikiting, you ſhall dearly repent it, I promiſe you---And ſo you ſays as you wants work---Why, if I thought you would behave yourſelf as you ſhould do, may be I'd find you a friend myſelf, that wou'dn't require much of you; and I ſuppoſe you don't care how little you does---But I ſhould like to know how you loſt your laſt friend.

Julia. Let me entreat you, Madam, to ſpare me upon that point.

Mrs. *Larron.* Aye, you none on you likes to tell---I ſuppoſe it wa'n't for no good as he turn'd you off. [*Julia turns aſide and weeps.*] What a poor little whimpering thing it is---I wonders where ſhe can have been, as I have never ſeen her afore---If I can get her off to old 'Squire Manly, who is a little like my huſband for goodneſs, it will be putting her out of Larron's way, and be ſomething

ſomething into my pocket---Well, well, adone crying, do---I ſuppoſe you're not ſo dilliket as to object to a middle-aged gentleman.

Julia. Has he any family, madam?

Mrs. *Larron.* Oh, yes---he's a ſon and a daughter, and a wife into the bargain---but you know that's no hobſticle to the likes of you.

Julia. Quite the contrary, madam; I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. *Larron.* Well, that's as much as ever I hard---But that's none of my buſineſs.

Julia. Is the gentleman an embroiderer madam, or what?

Mrs. *Larron.* Embroiderer?---No---the gentleman's a gentleman.

Julia. Then, madam, I ſhould prefer going into a family where I might be uſeful, rather than to become an idle dependent on any one.

Mrs. *Larron.* What the deuce is in the wind now, I wonders? Well, the gentleman is an embroiderer; ſo let's have no more of your hums, and haws, but get up to your own room, and be ſure you doesn't ſtir till I calls you. [*Exit Julia.* If I can tell what to make of her, ſhe's ſo full of her fine words, and things---As I lives, there's the old 'Squire going by; I'll bring him back. Mr. Manly, Mr. Manly---It's a pity he's ſo old; for he has faults enough to make him agreeable to any woman.

Enter OLD MR. MANLY.

So you forgets your old acquaintance, Sir; I warn't worth thinking on; you goes by the door, without ever axing how one does.

Old Manly. What, do you think I can ever forget my durable bloſſom of five-and-forty.

Mrs.

Mrs. Larron. Forty! Lord, ſir, why you reckons every body's years by your own lady's --I ſhan't be the age you mention theſe five years.

Old Manly. You mean you hav'n't been the age I mention theſe five years---The regiſter can add nothing to the evidence of your face--which proclaims fifty as ſtrongly as if it was in black and white in the pariſh books.

Mrs. Larron. Ah! you're a merry man. No wonder Madam is ſo jealous of you.

Old Manly. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Larron, I never thought of roving till ſhe put it in my head, by her doubts of my conſtancy.

Mrs. Larron. Why, ſir, contradiction's as natural to gentlemen as to ladies, for any thing as I ſee——Now there is up ſtairs——

Old Manly. What, what is there up ſtairs?

Mrs. Larron As pretty a young creter as ever you ſet eyes on.

Old Manly. Let me go and look at her directly.

Mrs. Larron. Nay, but ſtay---She's as full of freaks as ſhe can hold. I hardly knows how to deal with her---She ſays ſhe wants to work at embroidering--But that's all a pertence--Howſoever, I muſt tell her at firſt you wants to employ her that way.——I'll bring her down in a minute.

[*Exit.*

Old Manly. Hang her---I wiſh ſhe had not call'd me in. I begin to be too old for theſe follies, I have half a mind to be off---But when a man has continued in a bad practice for a length of time, it almoſt coſts him as much ſhame to make good a reformation, as it did at firſt to venture on the tranſgreſſion---But I hear a lighter foot on the ſtair-caſe than Dame Larron's; and ſo for the preſent good-bye, morality---We'll call upon you another time.

Enter MISS JULIA WINGROVE *and* MRS. LARRON.

Old Manly. By all that's lovely, an angel! *(ſtarts)* Miſs Wingrove.

Julia. Mr. Manly!

Old Manly. Madam, you muſt think it very odd---very ſtrange, I ſay, and very odd---to ſee me here upon ſuch an occaſion---Appearances, I confeſs, make againſt me.---Yet upon a proper explanation, madam, I don't fear being able to ſet all to rights.

Julia. Sir, to ſee you here, was what indeed I did not expect---By ſome means, I find the place of my concealment is diſcovered---But, ſir, though I cannot deem it otherwiſe than amiable in you, to attempt ſome apology for the conduct of your ſon, yet I muſt tell you, in the anguiſh of my heart, that I would ſooner become the wife of the man I once moſt abhorred, than unite myſelf to him, or even liſten to the ſmalleſt palliation of his perfidy---And now, ſir, excuſe my abrupt departure. [*Exit.*

Old Manly. Why, Mrs. Larron, are we awake here?——Is there nothing of enchantment in all this? Egad, I hope it's no trick of your's, miſtreſs.

Mrs. Larron. Trick?—Deuce take me if I knows of any, I hav'n't been able to find what you and ſhe meant for my part.

Old Manly. As to what ſhe meant, that does not appear ſo difficult to unravel—How ſhe came here is what puzzles me.

Mrs. Larron. Why, my huſband brought her---He found her like a ſtray'd ſheep, and ſo ſeiz'd her for his own.

Old Manly. Your huſband muſt be a courageous ſort of a man, I think, to ſteal a young lady of her pretenſions---And you're a pretty gentlewoman, to

to come and draw a man in to make a fool of himſelf---Here did I expect to find a pretty little good-humoured, good-natured, inſignificant ſort of a good-for-nothing play-thing; when, inſtead of that, I am expoſed to encounter the reproachful glances of Miſs Julia Wingrove.

Mrs. Larron. Miſs Wingrove! My ſtars! Why is ſhe the runaway lady that all the country's up in arms about? [*Aſide.*] I am glad to hear this ---Well, ſir, I'm a little in a hurry, and ſo I knows you'll excuſe me.

Old Manly. Oh, with all my ſoul---I can find excuſes enough for going away. The only difficulty is, how to diſcover an apology for coming in. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Larron. Well, ſure ſome luck'll come of this at laſt. Who'd have thought ſhe'd been ſuch a proud man's daughter, ſo as ſhe be-humbled herſelf to me---I hope ſhe ha'n't giv'n me the ſlip, though. --If ſhe is fairly out of the houſe, I dares not follow her. But I warrant ſhe's gone back to the room---She's too genteel to have ſenſe enough to take care of herſelf. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. MANLY's *Houſe.*

Enter MRS. *and* MISS MANLY.

Mrs. Manly. Surely, Emma, it was very indiſcreet to give Mr. Welford permiſſion to wait on you, at a time when your brother and he are at variance.

Miſs Manly. Well, madam, let him be refuſed admittance. I find every caprice of Henry's is to be complied with, however it may interfere with any proſpects of mine. But I dare ſay he will have the goodneſs to repay your tenderneſs with his uſual gratitude; for, if I miſtake not, there is ſome new adventure in agitation.

Mrs. Manly. Don't ſpeak with ſo much aſperity

of your brother, Emma: if I ſeem to feel a particular intereſt about him, it is not that I entertain a greater affection for Henry than I do for you. But where a young man's imprudencies are conſtantly expoſing him to danger, there the anxiety of common humanity is added to the apprehenſion of motherly affection; ſo that it is only the ſame regard more powerfully awakened, and pity taking part with duty.——But what makes you imagine that he is at preſent engaged in ſome new adventure?

Miſs Manly. Indeed, my dear madam, I am ſorry I ſpoke ſo harſhly; but my reaſon for apprehending that he has ſome wild ſcheme on foot, is, that yeſterday evening his ſervant told my maid, that his maſter would ſoon be a happy man. William ſtaid out all night; and this morning they went abroad with a ſort of myſtery together, when William told my woman, that his young maſter had, according to cuſtom, been cutting out vexation for himſelf.

Mrs. Manly. Never, ſure, had any woman ſo much to diſturb her peace as I have! What, with Harry's imprudence, and Mr. Manly's neglect of me, it is a miracle how I ſupport it.

Miſs Manly. Dear Madam, your own apprehenſions create all your affliction in that quarter. Indeed, I have heard my father ſay as much.

Mrs. Manly. What, could not he be ſatisfied with diſregarding me himſelf, but he muſt endeavour to prejudice your mind againſt me?

Miſs Manly. Oh, you miſtake my father's meaning entirely, madam. He was only lamenting your want of confidence in him, and ſaying, that had he never been cauſeleſsly ſuſpected, he ſhould never have given you cauſe of ſuſpicion.

Mrs. Manly. So then, he owns he has wronged me? He confeſſes his infidelity, and makes no

ſcruple

ſcruple of avowing it to you, too. This is beyond even what I ever ſuppoſed. I did, indeed, think there was a little inconſtancy in his nature. I confeſs I had ſome ſlight ſuſpicions of that ſort. Now I find I am juſtified in all my conjectures. Oh, Mr. Manly, you have much to anſwer for on my account.

Miſs Manly. I hope not my dear mother—I am ſure he always ſpeaks of you with great tenderneſs.

Mrs. Manly. Does he, my dear Emma? Well, and what does he ſay?

Miſs Manly. I have heard him ſay, madam, that could you but confide in him, you would be one of the happieſt couples in the world.

Mrs. Manly. And did he, indeed, my dear girl, ſay this? Don't you flatter me now my child?

Miſs Manly. Be aſſur'd, madam, that he ſaid every ſyllable I have related to you.

Mrs. Manly. How could I ever make him uneaſy—

Enter old MANLY.

Old Manly. Mrs. Manly, my dear—Emma, my child, have you heard—

Miſs Emma. Oh yes, ſir, that Miſs Wingrove has left her father's, and my mother is alarm'd, leſt my brother.——

Old Manly. No, no, my dear, I can eaſe you of your apprehenſions reſpecting Henry: Miſs Wingrove is not with him, I can aſſure you.

Mrs. Manly. How do you know that, my dear Mr. Manly.

Old Manly. Why I ſaw her about an hour ago.

Mrs. Manly. You ſaw Miſs Wingrove! You ſurprize me! Where?

Old Manly. At Mr. Larron's.

Mrs.

Mrs. Manly. And pray, Mr. Manly, what buſineſs carried you there?

Old Manly. No, 'twas not at Mr. Larron's neither—yes, now I recollect it was there too.

Mrs. Manly. 'Tis very ſtrange Mr. Manly, that you ſhould be at ſuch a loſs to know where it was you ſaw her.

Old Manly. Why, I remember now very well it was at Mrs Larron's, I happened to be there, and ſhe came in.---Pſha!---how I blunder---I mean ſhe went in there and———

Mrs. Manly. You followed her---yes, I begin to gueſs how it was.

Old Manly. This is ever the way! Perpetually croſs examin'd, and contradicted.

Mrs. Manly. It is you that contradict yourſelf, Mr. Manly.

Old Manly. Why, will you give me leave to tell my own ſtory my own way.

Mrs. Manly. Another time, ſir, it will be better policy to determine what way you chooſe to tell your ſtories before you begin to relate them: you will be leſs perplexed---leſs puzzled with the variety of your inventions---But pray let us hear the ſequel.

Old Manly. Nay you may gueſs the remainder, if you will not liſten to the beginning of my ſtory, I'll be curs'd if you ſhall hear the concluſion of it, [*Exit.*

Mrs. Manly. Oh! Emma, child, what a life is mine, juſt to be relieved from one apprehenſion by being plung'd into another---Who could have believ'd your father would ſo forget himſelf as to ſeduce———

Miſs Manly. Dear madam; 'tis impoſſible your fears ſhou'd be true---If you will give me leave I'll follow

follow my father---I dare ſay he will acquaint me with the whole affair.

Mrs. Manly. Go, my dear Emma, go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Inn.*

Enter Young MANLY.

Young Manly. No tidings to be gain'd of my Julia; Where can ſhe be? Wand'ring perhaps---perhaps-- oh! I dare not truſt myſelf with the ſuggeſtions of my own thoughts! How ſhall I avoid them---oh! Manly! thou wert to have met a trembling angel kindly ready to have thrown herſelf into thy arms for ever---and———

Enter WILLIAM.

Will, what news? does ſhe live? where is ſhe? is ſhe married?

William. Sir, I hope at laſt to bring ſome comfort.

Young Manly. Honeſt William! well, your news, my good friend.

William. About half an hour ago I began to be quite out of hope, but thinks I, Ill not return to maſter till I've got ſome account to carry him, come on't what will.

Young Manly. That's a good fellow; well.

William. And ſo I went from barbers to barbers, and from bakers to bakers, and from inn to inn, and from alehouſe to alehouſe.

Young Manly. Are you ſure you hav'n't been drinking, Will? If you have you know its what I've ſworn never to forgive.

William. Lord, ſir, drinking?---No, ſir, no more than in a reaſonable way---not to diſguiſe myſelf, an like your honour.

Young Manly. Tell me of my Julia, you block-head.

William. Why your honour's ſo touchy you ſee; if you'd ha' been pleas'd to have heard me.

Young Manly. Well, well, that's a good Will---go on---go on.

William. Well, pray ſir, be pacified---Well, and ſo, ſir, as I was ſitting at the Fox and Grid-iron in Weſt-lane, who ſhould come in promiſ-cuouſly, but Larron the ſmuggler, as conceited as you pleaſe---ſo I never much cared for having any talk with the fellow being as he's a foreigner and a great rogue. However, thinks I, all your French folk have woundy long tongues, and if he knows any thing, fifty to one but he pops it out.

Young Manly. Pſha! Curſe your tedious introductions.

William. So ſays I---Mr. Larron, have you heard what a ſtir there is in our village---ſuch a to do.———

Young Manly. Piſh--go on---I ſay---go on.

William. There---there's a young lady loſt ſays I---"*Wee*" ſays he, and there be young one ladie found too.

Young Manly. What's that!---go on good William.

William. What ſays I, have you had the luck to find her then, ſays I. "*Wee*" ſays he again, ſpluttering out a French oath, and ſhe have the luck to find me as well---oh ho ſays I, you'd make me believe that ſhe run away for your ſake, would you? Make a believe, ſays he, ſhe not be the firſt young ladi, that run away for my ſake---Young ladies have droll fancies then ſays I.---But mayhap ſhe may'nt be the ſame that all the rout is about---ſhe that I mean is a raw-boned gawky girl, pretty round ſhoulder'd (juſt to ſift him

him you ſee, ſir).---Round ſhoulder, ſays he, round ſhoulder. More blue---She one model---ſhe von Venus---ſo then I knew we were right, for I've heard your honour ſay Miſs was as like Venus as two peaſe.

Young Manly. Will, you have conducted the whole affair like a complete orator, and profound politician.

William. Very like, ſir, but had'nt we better go after Miſs for fear of her father's getting her back again.

Young Manly. Certainly---yet now that my fears for her ſafety are ſomewhat abated, the recollection of my offence places itſelf between us as an inſurmountable obſtacle to our ever meeting again.

William. Lord ſir, why to my thinking you had better go and aſk her pardon, and then there'll be an end on't.

Young Manly. Never---I can never think of aſking her to pardon me.

William. Why, dear ſir, how hard hearted you are.

Young Manly. [*Speaking to himſelf without regarding the preſence of his ſervant.*] I have given her ſuch cauſe of reſentment, that it wou'd be an affront to her juſtice, as well as her delicacy, even to ſupplicate forgiveneſs.

William. Aye, aye, ſee what good'll come of theſe megrims.

Young Manly. Any common penitent may look with a rational confidence for pardon, but he who has ſinned againſt the ſanctity of beauty, and the religion of a ſworn and plighted affection, cannot, ought not, to expect forgiveneſs.——

William. Nay ſure, ſir, do liſten to a ——

Young Manly. But come---Tho' I muſt now for ever forego the dear hope of calling Julia mine,

yet if ſhe will but ſuffer me to poſſeſs the ſoothing reflection of having reſcued her from the perſecutions of her family, I will bear my loſs without a murmur, and reſign my future days to patient ſuffering and unavailing regret---Follow me, Sirrah! [*Exit.*

William. Certainly, ſir---how difficult it is to make two people think alike in this world---I cannot bring myſelf to be of my maſter's mind for the ſoul of me. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter Mr. WELFORD.

Welford. What an unlucky fellow thou art, Welford---Here have I by my Emma's order been wandering this hour in purſuit of Manly---One wou'd think that he knew my intentions, and had hid himſelf to avoid me---Ha! who can this be who's looks betray ſo much agitation and diſtreſs? The grief muſt be of magnitude indeed that thus preſents itſelf to the licentious comment of every unfeeling paſſenger---What can be the cauſe that has reduced lovelineſs like this [*retires*] to ſo cruel an affliction?

Enter JULIA.

Julia. Whither ſhall I fly?---What refuge is there left me---injur'd---inſulted---purſued---perſecuted every way---what more cou'd vice itſelf endure? And what indeed have I not ſuſtained of its torments, ſaving only the pang of conſciouſneſs. Yet that's ſomething---Whither ſhall I now direct my trembling feet? Where, where hope to meet a friend.

Welford. That friend is made, madam, if he's happy enough to be accepted---Pardon me for

thus intruding on your griefs, and only rejoice me by ſaying in what way I can be acceſſary to your ſervice.

Julia. May I believe you, ſir.---I have of late been ſo much the ſport of cruelty, that I dare hardly think any one ſincere that approaches me with the voice of kindneſs---Yet your countenance indicates compaſſion.

Welford. It would be falſe to my nature, madam, if it indicated any thing leſs on the preſent occaſion. But madam, you talked of being purſued ---If ſo---Permit me for the preſent to conduct you to my houſe---I have ſome female relations there, with whom a temporary reſidence can reflect no diſgrace to your reputation---May I, madam, be favour'd by your compliance.

Julia. My tears muſt thank you, ſir---I have no words to do it.

Welford. This way if you pleaſe, madam.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Larron's Houſe.*

Enter Mr. LARRON, *and Young* MANLY.

Larron. Sir, vat you vant? Pardievat you make noiſe in my houſe—de houſe in England you call de chateau, de caſtel—vat you mean, you beſiege my caſtel, ſir?—Vat you vant, hey.

Young Manly. Want!—muſt I repeat it to you a hundred times, you blockhead? I want Miſs Wingrove—where is ſhe? Miſs Wingrove, ſir, Miſs Wingrove, is the fellow dumb? Produce Miſs Wingrove—Produce the young lady you brought home this morning—let me ſee her inſtantly.

Larron. De young ladi, qui m'acompagnoit ce matin, vat right have you to make queſtion of me,

ſir? I know noting of de young ladi—I no lock de ladi up, Monſieur—You ſay ſhe Miſs Wingrove. If Miſs Wingrove ſhoſe rader to come to my houſe den go to her fader's ce n'eſt pas ma faute; if ſhe take into her head to go away again, ce n'eſt pas, ma faute neider.

Young Manly. I would adviſe you, ſir, not to be altogether ſo indifferent upon this occaſion—You may not perhaps be aware that I poſſeſs a moſt excellent remedy for a certain complaint called in your country, *ſang froid*—and if your ſymptoms ſhould continue ſo very alarming, I fancy I ſhall feel myſelf under the neceſſity of applying it.

[*Shewing his cane.*

Larron. Monſieur! you not take a me right—my deficience of de langue Angloiſe muſt s'il vous plait be mon excuſe—Veritablement, I not know vere de young ladi be, more den yourſelf, ſir. Vous plait il you pleaſe to make demande of my vife.

Enter Mrs. LARRON.

Monſieur elle aura peutetre, ſo much complaiſance for you to inform of de cauſe of de ladi's departure, but pour moi, ſhe vil not have de condeſcenſion de m'inſtruine pas u'n ſeul ſyllable.

Young Manly. Well, Mrs. Larron, you hear I am referred to you, will you favour me with ſome account of Miſs Wingrove?

Mrs. Larron. Dear heart a day—Here's a racket and a fuſs indeed! I wiſhes ſhe'd been fur enough before ſhe ſet her foot within my doors, I knows.

Young Manly. Nay, but Mrs. Larron, I muſt know immediately where ſhe is.

Mrs. Larron. Muſt you, ſir?—Why then you muſt

muſt know more than I can tell you—Your father came to viſit her.

Young Manly. My father!

Mrs. Larron. Yes, ſir—and ſo ſhe went away—that's all I knows.

Young Manly. Did ſhe go with him?

Mrs. Larron. Why yes, ſir.—I ſuppoſe ſo—Lord you axes one ſo many queſtions.

Young Manly. My dear Mrs. Larron, why wou'dn't you make me happy ſooner, by ſaying ſo at once.

Mrs. Larron. Lord one ſhould have a fine life on't indeed, if one was to do nothing but make every body happy.

Young Manly. Your œconomy in that reſpect, madam, is at leaſt good natured to your viſitors, and as I have no inclination to diſturb ſo laudable a cruelty I will wiſh you a good morning. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Larron. And a good riddance of you then, if you goes to that. This comes all along with you Larron, I'm ſure I may ſay its a judgment upon you for thinking to ſerve me ſo.

Larron. It be von judgment done upon ma follie to keep in de houſe von termagante like yourſelf—De young ladi like ver well to come to my houſe—She beg, ſhe pray to come—I bring her to you—I leave her vid you—Vat ſhe do den? Ma foi, ſhe run away directement.

Mrs. Larron. Was it ſo indeed? And ſo I was in madam's way was I? Oh this is pretty uſage indeed! to me who have been the making of you.

Larron. You not hold your tongue, begar, I tourne you out of doors, tout de ſuite.

Mrs. Larron. You turn me out doors Larron? I dares you to do it—You knows as I knows enough

to

to hang you if I pleaſes—You forgets who broke open———

Larron. Vat you keep quarrel, quarrel for? You know I not like the quarrel—You and I be good friend—A ca—Give me your hand—pardie—I vill ſet all right—I vill make you my vife.

Mrs. Larron. Will you? But I am grown a little too wiſe for that now; I ſees you aim well enough, you only wants to get clear of my evidence, and to have the law of your ſide, for uſing me ill—No, no Lewis, I am not ſuch a fool as you thinks me.

Larron. Vill any ting pleaſe you? You juſte now complain——

Mrs. Larron. Aye, but now d'ye ſee, I will keep my freedom as ſecurity for your good behaviour—You are in my power now, and ſo I will keep you—I knows you have no love for me, but I will make you fear me.

Larron. Eh bien, my dear, we underſtand von anoder now—you now be ma maiſtreſſe en toute choſes et pour toujours.

Mrs. Larron. What's that you are jabbering?

Larron. I ſay, my dear, dat you are ſo convince me of your great diſcretion dat you now be my miſtreſs in all tings, and for ever.

Mrs. Larron. Oh! why that's very well—come into dinner then like a good creter as you are, and never, my dear Lewis, never, never forget, that it is in my power to hang you.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Miss Herbert's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſs Herbert *and Lord* Dartford.

Miſs Herbert.

I AM happy to ſee your lordſhip—I hope you bring good tidings of Miſs Wingrove.

Lord Dartford. Indeed, my dear madam, you flatter yourſelf and me. I was ſent here, in purſuit of good tidings, or of any tidings—for after the moſt prodigal expence of bodily fatigue, we are juſt as much in the dark as ever.

Miſs Herbert. What, no intelligence?

Lord Dartford. None—none—I have juſt left her fantaſtic father, and her imperious brother, almoſt as anxiouſly on the hunt for this modern relation, as if they were perſecuting an old parchment, to bring forth a lurking morſel of ancient kindred in the reign of king Lud, or queen Boadicea. It is very unaccountable.

Miſs Herbert. Unaccountable indeed!

Lord Dartford. I mean every way unaccountable—the motives that could have led to her eſcape, as well, as the ſucceſs with which ſhe has accompliſhed it. Women are not apt to miſunderſtand their happineſs in theſe matters—I cannot lay that to their charge, poſitively.

Miſs Herbert. (*Aſide.*) Coxcomb!—a thought occurs to me, by which if I ſucceed I ſhall be better enabled to reconcile matters with my haughty lover, and reſcue Julia from her embarraſſments ſhould ſhe be diſcovered—I'll make him believe

I have

I have a fancy for him myſelf. [*to Lord Dartford.*] Indeed, my lord, as your lordſhip very juſtly obſerves, women are but ſeldom guilty of ſuch extravagant inattention to their own intereſts—giddy girl—what would ſhe have aſpired to?—ſuch rank—ſuch accompliſhments.

Lord Dartford. Yes—and ſuch a rooted—ſuch a diſintereſted, ſuch an inviolable attachment.

Miſs Herbert. To be ſure, my lord. Obdurate Julia! Where were your eyes? Where was your ſenſibility? Where had you miſlaid your underſtanding?

Lord Dartford. Very true! Where indeed? I that lived but for her.

Miſs Herbert. That an affection ſo ardent—a conſtancy ſo noble, ſhould receive ſo ill a return—unkind Miſs Wingrove. [*ſighs heavily.*]

Lord Dartford. Eh! What's this?—I begin to perceive ſomething here, and the beſt on it is, ſhe has a better fortune than the other—I wiſh I had not talked ſo much of my conſtancy. I muſt wheel about though, [*To Miſs Herbert.*] And yet, Miſs Herbert, I cannot help thinking that, latterly, Miſs Wingrove hardly appeared to me to preſerve that——

Miſs Herbert. No, indeed, my Lord—I have partly thought ſo too.

Lord Dartford. That kind of ſuavity, as it were—that inexpreſſible ſomething.

Miſs Herbert. That plaintive delicacy—that deprecating eye—thoſe imploring ſmiles—that perſuaſion which carried with it the authority of conqueſt, and that gentle command which turned enforced captivity, into voluntary ſubmiſſion. [*Aſide.*] Dear girl, I cannot help doing her juſtice in the very heat of this feigned hoſtility.

Lord

Lord Dartford. And then her ſpirits—have ſome now or other——

Miſs Herbert. Yes, her ſpirits too, have loſt that elegant dejection, that penſive apathy—that graceful mope—if one may ſo expreſs it, that uſed to ſhed the ſoft benignant influence of an autumn evening over every thing around her. How blind have I been! now that your lordſhip ſuggeſts it, I ſee it all. [*Aſide.*] I am obliged to help him out in his very abuſe, for he knows too little of love's rhetoric, even to hate with eloquence.

Lord Dartford. Now there is a perſon, in whoſe radiant eyes, and ſparkling decorums, the majeſty of imperial Cupid ſits in ſtate, and diſpenſes innocuous glories with the carleſs profuſion of a city feaſt, or the dazzling ſplendor of a courtly gala.—There is a perſon——

Miſs Herbert. Your lordſhip means Miſs Manly?—Yes, indeed, ſhe is a fine young woman enough——

Lord Dartford. Miſs Manly! Miſs Manly, madam, is as a ſcintillating link to the gorgeous orb of day, compared to the ineffable divinity of my proſtrate adoration.

Miſs Herbert. Whom can your lordſhip mean?

Lord Dartford. Mean! whom ſhould I mean—whom muſt I mean, whom can I mean, but the celeſtial Phœnix of her ſex, the divine Miſs Herbert?

Miſs Herbert. Me, my Lord!—Good heaven—I am ſo confuſed all on a ſudden—Did your lordſhip ſay me?

Lord Dartford. Yes, yes, your adoraole, everlaſting ſelf.

Miſs Herbert. If your lordſhip really entertains—If your lordſhip has indeed, done me the honour to have conceived a paſſion——

Lord Dartford. A paſſion!---a flame---a conflagration—a volcano!

Miſs Herbert. Nay now, my Lord, I can no longer doubt the plain ſincerity of your profeſſions—but as it is a fixed rule with me, rather to follow than to lead, in events of this awful importance, I ſhould wiſh to avoid any further communication with a perſon of your lordſhip's dangerous eloquence, till the proper ſanction of my relations has been previouſly obtained; my aunt would be too happy to receive any propoſals of your lordſhip's; till then permit me to take my leave. Succeſsful even beyond my hopes. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit.*

Lord Dartford. Hah, hah. Now this I call being in luck—juſt as one had loſt ſcent in one quarter, to have a nobler game ſtarted in another.---Now gad take me, 'tis very odd, but what a blunderbuſs I am at a ſpeech---I mean in the love way---for on other ſubjects I can deliver myſelf with a becoming intelligibility enough; but we higher order of beings that have ſenſe enough, never to be more than merely artificial lovers, as we never underſtand the real orthodox gibberiſh of the paſſion, ſo when we once get to talk upon it, we never know when to ſtop---Now that ſcintillating link---gorgeous orb-- conflagration, and volcano, were not at all to my liking, but what could I do? I muſt ſay ſomething---but above all, what had I to do with an alluſion to a city feaſt? What has a city feaſt to do among the delicacies of a lover's commons? Well, I muſt read for it---at leaſt till I am married, and then indeed, it will be full time to diſcard both the paſſion and the language of it in amicable indifference together. Well, I will loſe no time in preparing my propoſals. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Mr.* MANLY's.

Enter Miſs MANLY.

Miſs Manly. Could I have ſuſpected Welford of infidelity! Happy, happy Miſs Wingrove. So vaniſh all my hopes!

Enter Young MANLY.

Young Manly. Emma, what means this agitation? Whence theſe tears? Is my mother well? Where is my father; ſpeak dear Emma.

Enter Mrs. MANLY.

Mrs. Manly. Oh Harry! what uneaſineſs has your abſence occaſioned---why will you pay ſo little attention to your family?

Young Manly. Dear madam, I deſerve more reprehenſion that I ever meet with, yet let me entreat your preſent forbearance. My heart ſince laſt I ſaw you has been torn by ſuch a variety of anguiſh, that I have not been maſter of my conduct—But why is Emma thus uneaſy?

Mrs. Manly. Dear girl, I believe her uneaſineſs reſults from mine—could you have thought it Harry? I ſcarce know how to tell you, but your father has ſeduced Miſs Wingrove from her friends, where he has placed her I know not—but——

Young Manly. Thank heaven, then, I have been truly informed, and ſhe is with my father.

Mrs. Manly. Thank heaven, Henry! Do you thank heaven that your father wrongs me? Your behaviour ſhocks me Harry—It is even worſe than his.

Young Manly. Dear mother, don't indulge ſuch ſuſpicions, my father ſteal Miſs Wingrove from her friends—No, no, indeed he did not: that ſhe is with him truly rejoices me.

Enter Old MANLY.

Young Manly. Dear ſir, where is Miſs Wingrove? Where is my lovely Julia. Will ſhe permit me to behold her face again? Yet how dare I hope it.

Old Manly. Ought I to permit you to behold my face again, ſir; how dare you hope that? Inſtead of aſking impertinent queſtions about what does not concern you, have the goodneſs to account for your own conduct, ſir---you leave your family—fill them with apprehenſions for your ſafety, and at your return, inſtead of meeting us with proper ſubmiſſion, you begin by hectoring your poor innocent father, and bullying him with a long ſtring of ſaucy enquiries—"Where is Miſs Wingrove?—Where is my Julia?" [*mimicking him.*] What have you to do with Miſs Wingrove? Who made her your Julia?

Mrs. *Manly.* Who indeed? She is differently diſpoſed of.

Young Manly. Dear ſir, how could I poſſibly imagine that what I ſaid would give the ſlighteſt ground of offence? the Larrons aſſured me ſhe went away with you.

Mrs. *Manly.* There, Mr. Manly, there! I am jealous now without a cauſe! I have no foundation for my ſuſpicions.

Miſs *Manly.* Dear madam, dear ſir! hear me one moment, I can too certainly aſſure you where Miſs Wingrove is.

Mrs. *Manly.* Where Emma, where?
Young Manly. Dear, dear Emma, tell me inſtantly.
Old Manly. Aye, let us hear child—let us hear it.
} *all at once.*

Miſs *Manly.* The report we heard, madam, was too well founded; Miſs Wingrove is indeed with Mr. Welford.

Young

Young Manly. With Welford!

Mrs. *Manly.* Ridiculous child, mere jealous apprehenſion.

Young. Manly Madam!

Mrs. *Manly.* Aſk your father whoſe ſuſpicions are the wildeſt, hers or mine—he can ſet you right at once if he chooſes it—but I'll ſtay no longer to endure ſuch treatment.

Old Manly. Don't, my dear, don't.

Mrs. *Manly.* Your indifference, Mr. Manly, is even more injurious than your infidelity. [*Exit.*

Old Manly. Before I go to appeaſe your mother, who is as abſurd as you are profligate, let me caution you, young man, how you practiſe ſuch another frolic in a hurry—the wicked ſtory that you have ſo ingeniouſly trumped up about my being at ſuch a place as Larrons'—this excellent joke, I ſay, ſir, which owes all its genius, to its being a falſehood, and its wit to the certain miſchief it was ſure to produce in your family, won't be paſſed over unpuniſhed, I aſſure you---have you no duty?---no regard for truth?—But it was ever thus with you, you prodigal—The beſt example I have ever been able to ſet you, either for truth or modeſty, never produced the ſlighteſt effect upon your vile, impenetrable nature, and the mildeſt language, you raſcal, was always thrown away upon you. [*Retires.*

Young Manly. Dear Emma, unravel if you can, this knot of perplexities; my father anſwers me with anger, my mother with tears, and you, my dear ſiſter, ſtart an idea, which is one of the laſt that would have entered my imagination; yet, being once preſented, love will not ſuffer it to repoſe in idleneſs---Tell me, my Emma---Can Julia be with Welford? Can ſhe---can he!---can both be ſo inconſtant?

Miſs Manly. Oh Harry, why did I mention it---

This

This may be the ſource of freſh affliction---Think if it is ſo---that I endure enough, and do not encreaſe my miſery---You know my fears.

Young Manly. Lay them aſide, dear Emma! be aſſured I ſhall act with moderation---I know I ſhall ---Oh Julia!---But you muſt tell me all you know, reſpecting her, and the villain---I will not name him that has ſtolen her from me. Come to my ſtudy, Emma; nay, dry your eyes---you ſhall ſee what an example of patience I will exhibit---I ſhall quarrel with no one but myſelf, for in myſelf alone is the foundation of all the miſeries I am expoſed to. [*Exeunt Young Manly and Emma.*

Enter Servant to OLD MANLY.

Servant. Miſs Herbert, Sir, deſires to know if ſhe can have the pleaſure of half a minute's converſation with you.

Old Manly. Shew her in. *Exit Servamt.*

Enter MISS HERBERT.

Old Manly. This is indeed a kindneſs, my dear Miſs Herbert; your viſits are valuable in proportion to their rarety, like winter ſuns---or---or---no---like---

Miſs *Herbert.* Never mind, my dear Mr. Manly, what they are like, we will ſettle the impromptu upon more mature deliberation another time.

Old Manly. Egad, and ſo we will, for nothing requires ſo much time as an off-hand ſpeech.

Miſs *Herbert.* Now, Sir, to the object of my viſit ---Report ſays, that you have ſeen Miſs Wingrove, and I am anxious to hear how the charming creature endures her misfortunes.

Old Manly. Very true, madam; but where ſhould I ſee Miſs Wingrove?

Miſs

Miſs *Herbert*. Why, report does ſay, ſir, that you met her at a place where it would have been equally for her happineſs, and your reputation, that you had never met at all---at Mrs. Larron's.

Old Manly. Its a falſehood---a confounded falſehood---I go to Mrs. Larron's! but dear Miſs Herbert, how can a young lady of your candour and good ſenſe give credit to ſuch a thing, particularly when you had ſuch good reaſon for diſbelieving it, as its being the general report.

Miſs *Herbert*. Why, indeed Mr. Manly, as you ſay, what ſhould you do at ſuch places? You know you are ſubſiding into the calm evening of life, when the tempeſtuous paſſions gently ſink into a ſoft undiſturbed repoſe---I dare ſay now you feel this ſweet chearful twilight of your days to be attended with more ſubſtantial comfort, and much more real happineſs, than the gaudier ſcenes of your meridian life, when every thing was brilliant, and nothing ſolid; every thing gay, but nothing rational.

Old Manly. Twilight! Gadſo!—None of your twilights neither Miſs—This is the way—there is no ſuch thing as purchaſing impunity in this world, for one offence, but by pleading guilty to a worſe—Well, Miſs; and ſuppoſe I was at Miſtreſs Larron's?

Miſs Herbert, [*Aſide.*] O ho! I thought I ſhould bring him to confeſſion; he will acknowledge any vice, but age—So, ſir, you were there, then, after all.

Old Manly. Gads life, ma'am, don't aſk ſo many queſtions; I underſtand you well enough, Miſs—You would inſinuate that I am a helpleſs old fellow—that you can ſee no great uſe in my living, and that the ſooner I am hang'd out of the way

way, the better, but give me leave to tell you, madam---

Enter Admiral CLEVELAND.

Admiral. Hey day! What ſtorms a brewing now? Why neighbour Manly this is a rough gale upon ſo fair a coaſt—what quarrelling with my neice?

Miſs Herbert. Dear uncle I'm quite rejoiced to ſee you, you never came ſo ſeaſonably to the reſcue of a poor little diſabled frigate in your life—Mr. Manly here.——

Old Manly. Your neice is an impertinent, forward, malicious young woman, Mr. Cleveland, and I deſire never to ſee her face again—I'll never, never forgive her—No, if I were to live till I was ſixty.

Miſs Herbert. What a formidable reſentment! Why the period of it has expired theſe five years.

Admiral. [*Aſide.*] Leave him to me, I'll teaze the old fellow—I came on purpoſe.

Miſs Herbert. I will.

Admiral. But how did the bruſh happen? What is the cauſe of it?

Miſs Herbert. Why, ſir, I ſpoke, I am afraid, ſomewhat too juſtly of your friend's age, and appeared to entertain too favourable an opinion of his morality—offences which a lively, determined rover, in his climacteric, can never reconcile to his forgiveneſs.

Admiral. Oh, is that all.

Miſs Herbert. So good, Mr. gallant, gay Lothario of ſixty-five, a good morning to you.

[*Exit. Miſs Herbert.*

Old Manly. A ſaucy minx.

Admiral. Come, Manly, you have too many of the ſubſtantial afflictions of life to contend with at preſent to be ruffled by little breezes of this ſort—But I am your friend, and I thought it my duty,

as

as ſuch to call upon you, and to do what a friend ought, to comfort you.

Old Manly. Why that was very kind my old neighbour, very kind indeed—be ſeated I beſeech you—Yes, indeed, 'tis very true, as you ſay Admiral, I am a wretched, miſerable, unhappy man, oppreſs'd with ſorrows, laden with affliction—overtaken before my time, by many cares. Yet 'tis ſomething, my worthy neighbour, to have a truſty friend, to take a kind intereſt in one's misfortunes—toſhare, as it were, the ſad load of life—to ride and tye with one in the weary pilgrimage—O 'tis a charming thing to have a friend!

Admiral. I think ſo indeed, and hope to prove as much—I have no other object but to comfort you—None, none.—You are indeed very unhappy.

Old Manly. Very, very!

Admiral. Why there's your wife, now.

Old Manly. Aye—my wife—Oh! Oh!

[*A long ſigh.*

Admiral. Nay be comforted, my friend—be comforted—Why ſhe is of herſelf a ſufficient load of miſery for any one poor pair of mortal ſhoulders. Always fretfull, her ſuſpicions never aſleep—and her tongue always awake—conſtantly making her obſervations, like a veſſel ſent out upon diſcovery—ever on the watch, like an armed cutter, to cut off any little contraband toy, and to intercept any harmleſs piece of ſmuggled amuſement.

Old Manly. Oh! 'tis dreadful, neighbour, quite dreadful indeed.

Admiral. Take comfort, my friend—What did I come here for? take comfort, I ſay—There is your ſon too.

Old Manly. Yes, my ſon too, an abandon'd profligate.

Admiral. Nay, if that were all, there might be hopes---the early little irregularities that grow out of the honeſt paſſions of our nature, are ſometimes an advantage to the ripened man; they carry their own remedy along with them, and when remedied, they generally leave the perſon wiſer and better than they found him---wiſer for his experience, and better for the indulgence which they give him towards the infirmities of others---but a canting, whining, preaching profligate---a ſermon maker at twenty---a fellow that becomes a ſaint, before he's a man---a beardleſs hypocrite---a ſcoundrel that cannot be content with common homely ſinning, but muſt give it a reliſh by joining a prayer with it in his mouth---of ſuch a fellow there can be no hopes---no hopes indeed.

Old Manly. None, none. Oh miſerable that I am, where will my affliction end? Where ſhall I find conſolation?

Admiral. Conſolation!---In me to be ſure!---What elſe was the purpoſe of my viſit? I forbear to ſay any thing of your daughter, poor unhappy girl.

Old Manly. Conceal nothing from me. What has happened to my poor child—what has happened to her? She was my favourite. Miſerable man! O miſerable man!

Admiral. Nay, if it will give you any comfort, I will tell you. It is my duty to do ſo—why, ſhe, you know, was deſperately in love with Charles Welford. He has turned her off, I find—diſcharged her the ſervice, and has fallen in with ſomebody elſe; ſo that I ſuppoſe by to-morrow morning we may look for her birth, poor girl, in the ambuſh of a willow, or the retirement of a fiſh-pond.

Old Manly. Now the ſum of my calamities is complete

complete [*Weeps*]. Now, indeed, the cup is full—poor undone man—miſerable huſband—wretched father!

Admiral. Aye, and all to come upon you at your time of life too—Had your misfortunes reached you when you were in the vigour of your days—[*Old Manly dries his eyes, and looks reſentfully*] when you retained enough of bodily ſtrength and force of mind to cope with them—but—at your time of day, when the timbers are approaching faſt towards decay, when the lights of the underſtanding are upon the glimmer, and the reckoning of life is pretty nearly out—Oh! 'tis too horrible. Faith, after all, I don't know how to comfort you.

Old Manly. [*In a rage.*] [*Both riſing.*] I believe not, indeed; you fuſty, muſty, old, foul-mouthed, weather-beaten coxcomb—timbers approaching faſt to decay. Whoſe timbers do you mean, old jury-maſt? look at your own crazy hulk—do—and don't keep quoting your damn'd log-book criticiſms upon your juniors and your betters.

Admiral. Nay, my good friend.

Old Manly. Damn your friendſhip, and your goodneſs too. I don't like friendſhip that only wants me to hate myſelf—and goodneſs that only goes to prove every thing bad about me. So, good Mr. Yellow Admiral, ſheer off—do---and till you can ſtuff your old veſſel with a cargo of more commoditable merchandize, don't let me ſee you in my latitude again.

Admiral. Sir, let me tell you, you may repent of this language; and were it not for pity of your age and your misfortunes.——

Old Manly. O curſe your pity; and as for misfortunes, I know of none equal to your conſolation.

Admiral. You ſhall hear more of this, Mr. Manly.

Old Manly. Not for the preſent, if you pleaſe—if you want my life, take it—take any thing—only take yourſelf off.

Admiral. Very well, ſir. You ſhall hear from me at a proper time. [*Aſide*]. I have made the old fool nobly miſerable; that's ſome comfort, however.

Old Manly. [*ſolus.*] What an aſs was I, to liſten ſo long to the hollow croakings of this melancholy ſea monſter---a ruſty old weather cock; always pointing one way, and that to the quarter of misfortune—I miſerable!—What ſhou'd make me ſo?—Is not my wife kind and faithful, and only a little troubleſome now and then for my good---Is not my ſon generous and gay---and---and like his father as a ſon ſhou'd be---and a'n't I ſtout in body, and ſound in mind, and is not every thing as I would have it?---a diſmal old---now has he given me a ſample of the view with which advice is always beſtowed, and I him a proof of the effect with which it is always taken---he came to me to increaſe my diſtreſſes by conſolation, and I have made uſe of his counſel as a new argument for pleaſing myſelf. [*Exit,*

SCENE III. *Miſs* HERBERT'S.

Enter Miſs HERBERT, *and Mrs.* RACHEL.

Miſs Herbert. Well, my dear aunt, have you been more ſucceſsful in your enquiries after the unfortunate Miſs Wingrove than I have been?

Mrs. Rachael. I don't know how to ſay I have been more ſucceſsful—but from your account, I have collected more particulars---I underſtand ſhe was accidentally encountered by Mr. Welford, who kindly offered her the aſylum of his houſe, which ſhe accepted---but learning, by converſation with his relations,

lations, that her reception there had produced a quarrel between him and his miſtreſs, the generous girl ſcorned to conſult her own comfort at the expence of her protector, and having contrived to change her own clothes for thoſe of a younger brother of Mr. Welford's, ſhe accompliſhed her eſcape.

Enter Servant.

Mr. Wingrove, Madam.

Miſs *Herbert.* Admit him. O, he ſhall receive no mercy at my hands whilſt he continues the perſecutor of his ſiſter—Will you give me leave, madam, to receive him alone?

Mrs. *Rachel.* Certainly, my dear. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr. WINGROVE.

Wingrove. Will Miſs Herbert permit a penitent to approach her?

Miſs *Herbert.* Oh! by all means—a real penitent—but are you quite ſure that you come under that deſcription, or is yours like the common repentance of the world, which conſiſts rather in a prejudice againſt puniſhment, than a ſincere contrition for the offence?

Wingrove. Dear, charming Harriet, how can you queſtion it—I am aſhamed of the violence of my behaviour at our laſt interview; yet you muſt acknowledge that you drew me into that ſuſpicion by your ambiguous deportment. Surely my Harriet could not find entertainment in the uneaſineſs of the man who adores her?

Miſs *Herbert.* [*Aſide.*] Bleſs me, if he continues in this ſtrain of humility, I ſhall never be able to puniſh him as he deſerves—yet I muſt.

Wingrove. What's that, my Harriet? You cannot doubt the ſincerity and devotion of my love.

Miſs

Miſs *Herbert.* Apropos—Was it you that fell in love with me, or your father?

Wingrove. My father! Harriet?

Miſs *Herbert.* Aye, you or your father; which of you is it that I have had the good fortune to inſpire with ſo favourable an opinion of me? I am inclined to think it is to the elder gentleman I owe the obligation.

Wingrove. Nay, now madam, I don't underſtand you.

Miſs *Herbert.* In plain Engliſh, then, had you your inſtructions from your father to undergo the labour of wooing, or did you come of your own accord?

Wingrove. Can my Harriet entertain ſo humiliating an opinion of me as to ſuppoſe I would be actuated in ſo dear a concern as that, by any influence but the impulſe of my own affection?

Miſs *Herbert.* Take care, Mr. Wingrove—take care—there is nothing ſo tempting, I admit you, as thoſe pretty words that fall gracefully in to cloſe the proceſſion of an ambitious ſentence, but let me aſk you plainly, ſir, Whether, if your father ſhould now, even now, lay his commands upon you to relinquiſh the paſſion with which you affect to regard me, you would not inſtantly obey him, and leave me forſaken and forlorn, to transfer your obedient ardours to any new lady of his choice?

Wingrove. 'Tis true, I feel the moſt ſincere reſpect for my father; yet had he thought proper to interpoſe his influence in a caſe where nature claims a paramount authority, I had renounced a ſubmiſſion which I ſhould have held to have been unjuſtly exacted.

Miſs *Herbert.* Are you ſure of it?

Wingrove. Quite ſure.

Miſs

Miſs *Herbert*. Dear Mr. Wingrove. [*Taking his hand.*]

Wingrove. [*Kiſſing it.*] My lovely, my adorable Harriet!—Sure of it! am I ſure of my exiſtence? Am I ſure of your being the moſt lovely of your own ſex—or I the happieſt of mine [*Kiſſes her hand*]. Am I ſure that we ſhall never exchange another harſh word, or another unkind look? Am I ſure——.

Miſs *Herbert*. Nay, now, ſir, you are fairly caught.

Wingrove. Hey-day! What frolic is in the wind now?

Miſs *Herbert*. If all this be true, Mr. Wingrove, tell me, ſir, what it is that conſtitutes the offence of your ſiſter? Why is ſhe driven out a diſgraced wanderer to encounter all the unknown hazards of a mercileſs world, when one of her perſecutors not only acknowledges that he ſhares in all her guilt—if guilt it be—but glories in the ſympathy he feels in her diſobedience, becauſe he conſiders it as a juſt tribute to the object of his affections, and a proof of his independence?

Wingrove. My ſiſter, ma'am, is a woman—and—and—

Miſs *Herbert*. My ſiſter, ma'am, is a woman—and—and—that is, my ſiſter is an interdicted being—diſinherited by nature of her common bounties—a creature, with regard to whom, engagements loſe their faith, and contracts their obligations. In your fictitious characters as lovers, you endeavour to make us believe that we are exalted above human weakneſſes; but, in your real characters, as men, you more honeſtly demonſtrate to us, that you place us even below your own level, and deny us the equal truth and juſtice that belongs alike to all intelligent beings. This language, ſir, is new,

new, at leaſt in the vocabulary of love, I wiſh I could ſay the ſentiments it conveys were equally ſo in the hearts of your moſt imperious ſex.

Wingrove. Before I was interrupted, madam, by this torrent of modeſt rhetoric on the merits of your moſt unimperious ſex; for ſo, in particular, I am bound to think them, I meant merely to have ſaid, that I can aggrandize the woman with whom it may be my fate to be united.—whereas, if my ſiſter joined herſelf with an inferior, ſhe would have become neceſſarily degraded to the rank of her huſband. But I find, madam, theſe inſults are calculated merely to gratify your pride, by proving to what extremity of meanneſs your power can reduce me. I bluſh at the ſervilities to which it has already expoſed me, and now throw off the yoke for ever. [*Going.*

Miſs *Herbert.* Stay, ſir; before you go, let me beg you to favour this letter with a peruſal. Read it at your leiſure; and now—" a long farewell to all my greatneſs."

Wingrove. Damnation! laugh'd at too—Farewell, madam, and I ſwear——

Miſs *Herbert.* Nay, ſir, don't ſwear; or if thou wilt ſwear—ſwear by thy gracious ſelf!

Wingrove. [*In a fury of paſſion.*] Madam, I go ---for ever. [*Exit.*

Miſs *Herbert.* To have convinced me of that, your congè, my rebellious captive, ſhould have been taken with ſomewhat leſs diſturbance. I am glad I had recollection enough to give him Lord Dartford's letter of propoſals before he went. He was in a terrible rage, to be ſure---ſo much the better---while a woman retains power enough over a man to make him loſe his temper, he is not yet in that ſtate of healthy indifference that intitles him to bid defiance to a relapſe of affection. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The* ADMIRAL'*s Garden.*

Enter JULIA *(in boy's clothes, looking back.)*

YONDER is my brother, and his ſervant, as I live; perhaps in purſuit of me! I dare not meet them—Yet ſure they cou'd not know me---I hardly know myſelf---Their eyes ſeem directed this way---I'll ſhut the gate till they have paſs'd. Ha! who comes here? perhaps the owner of this place. From my long reſidence with my aunt, I am almoſt a ſtranger in my native village---Bleſs me, he has a ſtern countenance! I had beſt conceal myſelf till he quits the garden. [*Retires.*

Enter ADMIRAL.

Admiral. Why what a pack of idle fellows I keep about me. When I'm laid up with the gout theſe raſcals do nothing—See what a fine jeſſamine here is almoſt ſpoilt for want of tying up—let's try what I can do. [*Goes to tie it, Julia ſhifts her place.*] What's that ſhakes the leaves ſo—Hey, is not that a man? Oh! oh! there's the way my nectarines fall ſo ſhort. [*Goes and brings Julia forward*] Here! here! no reſiſtance—Come out, and let us ſee what we can make of you. Well, young graceleſs, and what do you do here? Come, let's hear what account you can give of yourſelf.

Julia. I do aſſure you, ſir, I came in by accident.

Admiral. By accident? Well that's a good beginning enough; what do you ſhut your eyes as

you go along, that you can't tell the highway from an encloſure?

Julia. I mean, ſir, I juſt ſtepp'd in to avoid a perſon I wiſh'd not to ſee me.

Admiral. Very like, ſir; but pray, ſir, will you have the goodneſs to tell us who you may happen to be, ſir?

Julia. Pray, ſir, excuſe me.

Admiral. Indeed, ſir, I ſhall do no ſuch thing—Come, ſir, who's your father?

Julia. I cannot tell you, indeed, ſir.

Admiral. Indeed, ſir—Well, after all, it might puzzle a wiſer head than your's to do that; but poſſibly you may have better luck with regard to your mother—who is ſhe?

Julia. My mother, ſir, is dead.

Admiral. Dead, is ſhe? But had ſhe no name when ſhe was alive? Egad you ſhuffle ſo, that I fancy you've been longer at the trade than I at firſt imagined. You're a gay ſpark for the profeſſion too—If Rachel had been a young woman, I ſhould have ſuſpected ſomething elſe; but perhaps the coat may have been ſtolen too; theſe gentry now-a-days think nothing they can get too good for them, and the finger is only an accomplice to the felonious pride of the back, "win gold and wear it"—Hey, is that your maxim, my young poacher? Gadſo, now I remember, I have ſeen Sam. Welford in thoſe very clothes—I ſhall ſecure you, my lad; you ſhall anſwer all this.

Julia. I beſeech you, ſir, not to expoſe me.

Admiral. Not expoſe you—What! do you think I ſhall connive at felony? Here, Tom, Simon, Ralph—attempt to move, and you're a dead man. Here, will nobody help me to ſecure this villain?

Enter

Enter Mrs. RACHEL *and Servants.*

Admiral. Here, ſeize that fellow, and tie his hands behind him—Keep off, Rachel, I dare ſay he has got piſtols in his pockets—Lead him directly to a magiſtrate, I'll follow.

Julia. Dear madam, I implore you to plead for me to that gentleman—your looks ſpeak benevolence—I entreat you, madam, to have pity on me!

Admiral. There's a young artful dog now, beginning to coax and flatter Rachel about her good looks; aye, that's the way with theſe handſomer ſprigs of the fraternity, they are ſure to attack the women; but 'tis ſuch a ſnivelling puppy—why hang it, my lad, you muſt expect theſe rubs in the way of your buſineſs, its only a misfortune in trade—Come man, behave yourſelf a little more like a raſcal of ſpirit.

Rachel. Brother, I entreat you to ſend your ſervants in.

Admiral. Send 'em in, Rachel, why how's this? Do you want him to make his eſcape? Has he ſoftened you with his whimpering? You know if he takes to his heels, I can't follow him.

Rachel. I have particular reaſons for my requeſt.

Admiral. Well, be it ſo then—wait in the houſe till I call you. [*Exit. ſervants.*] Don't you think to get off tho'—if you attempt to ſtir——

Julia. You may rely upon it, ſir, I will not move. Oh, madam, may I hope that you will befriend me in this dreadful exigency!

Admiral. No, no, my lad, You are dipping into the wrong pocket there; Rachel is not like moſt of her ſex, to be won over by wheedling, you do but

fling away your ſkill. But why was I to diſmiſs thoſe fellows, Rachel?

Rachel. Brother, if what I've already ſaid has ſurpriz'd you, I ſhall encreaſe your aſtoniſhment ſtill farther, by deſiring to have a ſhort converſation with this ſtranger, while you walk aſide.

Admiral. What, leave you alone with a pick-pocket, a houſebreaker? I tell you, he has piſtols in his pockets, or a ſwaſhing cutlaſs in his coat-lining! Rachel, Rachel, you are a poor ignorant woman, you can't tell what inſtruments theſe fellows may have about them.

Rachel. You are miſtaken, brother, this is no robber, I am perſuaded.

Admiral. Oh Rachel, Rachel, is it comes to this after all !---I did think for your ſake, that there might be ſuch a thing as a woman without folly or frailty; but you are determined that I ſhall not die with too favourable an opinion of your ſex---for ſhame Rachel, for ſhame---'tis too bad---too bad indeed.

Rachel. A few minutes will convince you brother, that if I merited your good opinion before, I ſhall not be likely to forfeit it on the preſent occaſion.

Admiral. May be ſo, may be ſo, Rachel, it has an odd look however; have a care of yourſelf, old girl; if you ſhould do a fooliſh thing, it won't be taken as if one of your prudes had been guilty of a little treſpaſs, who prepare people for their fall, by the fuſs they make about their virtue. You'll have a hot birth on't, my old laſs, you will—but however mind I give you fair warning.

[*Retires.*

Julia. Dear madam, vouchſafe to hear my wretched ſtory.

Rachel

Rachel. As I know not what impreſſion my brother's ſtrange conjectures may have made on your opinion, ſuffer me to gain a little credit, by ſparing you the trouble of informing me that you are Miſs Wingrove.

Julia. Madam!

Rachel. Dear young lady, be not alarm'd at this diſcovery, for never was there more ſincere commiſeration than what your ſuff'rings have produced in me.

Julia. Oh, madam, how has my wretched ſituation been made known to you? and by what means may I obtain your friendſhip?

Rachel. I have but one condition to propoſe, and that is an unreſerved communication of the circumſtances that have involved you in this diſtreſs—that made, for I cannot admit an idea of criminality in you, I can aſſure you not only of my own protection, but my brother's; who is as warm in his attachments, as he is raſh and haſty in forming concluſions from firſt appearances; but my brother returns; I would not meet him till I can inform him of the whole. This way, dear Miſs Wingrove. [*Retire to an alcove.*

Enter ADMIRAL.

Admiral. What isn't this tete-a-tete over yet! what, they retire at the ſight of me—Oh! guilt! guilt! I'll obſerve you tho'—why ſhe ſeems to be courting him! I'll be ſunk if it isn't ſo—Aye, Rachel, now you have flung aſide propriety, decency, I fancy, will ſoon follow. Women, I find, never love to do ſilly things by halves; when once they ſlip cable on a voyage of folly, let them bring them to that can. Particularly your reaſoning

ing ſort of ſenſible, elderly gentlewomen---for when they have fairly paſſed the equinox of life, they know they ſail with a trade wind, and the devil can't ſtop them, till they are ſnug in harbour with a yoke-fellow, after a tedious paſſage of difficult virginity. By all that's ſcandalous ſhe takes his hand—Oh ſit down, ſit down, my gentle ſwain—Why he's weeping ſtill—ſink me if ever I ſaw ſuch a watry-ey'd puppy. Not but there was ſomething in his diſtreſs that moved me—if circumſtances had not been ſo ſtrong againſt him, I ſhould no more have taken him for a thief than for a ſailor—What, muſt he have your ſmelling bottle too—why ſhe has left him in the arbour, and comes this way—ſhe looks as if ſhe ſaw me too—can ſhe face me? will ſhe brazen out her folly? [*Rachel advances.*] Well, Mrs. Rachel Cleveland.

Rachel. Well, brother, I come to clear up all your doubts and difficulties.

Admiral. Oh don't take ſo much trouble, madam, it is ſufficiently clear already, I give you my word.

Rachel. Nay, then I perceive you are under your old miſtake, ſo I ſhall explain all at once. This way, my dear. *(To Julia.)*

Admiral. My dear! by heaven that's too much---what, no ſhame, Rachel!

Rachel. Now learn your error, brother, and give me leave to recommend to your protection [*Julia advances, Rachel takes her hand, the admiral going out in a rage*] Miſs Julia Wingrove.

Admiral. What's that, Rachel! who did you ſay?

Rachel. This young lady, brother, whoſe misfortunes you have heard in part, is Miſs Julia Wingrove; I am convinced ſhe deſerves your friendſhip,

friendſhip, and it is evident ſhe is much in need of it.

Admiral. And ſhe ſhall have it coſt what it will. Young lady! why what a fool have I made of myſelf---Can you excuſe an old fellow, madam, who frequently lets his haſty temper run away with his ſlow wits?

Julia. Your preſent kindneſs, ſir, infinitely overpays the fears occaſioned by your miſconception.

Admiral. You muſt ſeal my pardon, miſs, by a ſalute, or I ſha'nt think we are fairly reconciled. Rachel, I don't apologize to you, as I know your forgiveneſs is always cloſe in tow of my repentance; but as for you, lady fair, ſince you have been forced upon my coaſt, they muſt fight through fire and water for you that drive you out to ſea again.

Julia. Do not, I beſeech you, ſir, let your generous compaſſion for me lead you into danger; the bare idea of ſuch a conſequence would compel me to forego the comfort of your hoſpitable protection.

Admiral. Oh don't let your little fearful heart begin conjuring up vexations, it'll do me a great deal of good—make my blood circulate—I have been too long out of action—a vaſt while too long ---I am mere ſtill water---ſpoiling for want of motion---a little hurricane or two will ſhake me clear again. I want a bit of a ſtorm for the quiet of my old days, and a little wholeſome danger will promote the ſafety of my health, ſo away with your fears, my little light fing---'Sblood I was getting on the old tack again.

Julia. But, dear ſir.——

Admiral.

Admiral. Do Rachel, tell her what an obſtinate old fellow I am, and that it is only waſting her ammunition to oppoſe me.

Rachel. There is ſo much generoſity, brother, in the ſubſtance of what you ſay, that I have no inclination to diſpute about the expreſſion of it. Miſs Wingrove, if you pleaſe, you ſhall lay aſide this dreſs.

Julia. Gladly, madam.

Admiral. Come, young lady, let me be your conductor, and they that can make prize of Britiſh beauty when under the convoy of a Britiſh admiral, muſt have more weight of metal about them than the whole bulk of your lubberly relations, ſaving your preſence, in a body---ſo cheerly, my little angel---bear up----" Bleſt iſle with beauty, &c." (Singing). [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Lord Dartford's houſe. Lord Dartford and Jenkins.

Lord Dartford. So this triumph of my attractions, as I had ſo naturally believed, was a ſham after all----Death, how dared this ſaucy baggage venture to ſet her pert wits on ſo hazardous a deception---but my turn may come, and if ſhe ſhould marry this bouncer Wingrove, and grow diſguſted with him, which of courſe muſt be the caſe, it will be in vain that ſhe turns her eyes to me, I aſſure her---But what's to be done in this affair.

Jenkins. Can't your lordſhip diſown having ſent any propoſal to Miſs Herbert.

Lord Dartford. How can I do that; you delivered the letter, did'nt you?

Jenkins. Yes, my Lord, but he muſt be a very indifferent

indifferent ſervant whoſe memory cannot fail him a little, for the advantage of his maſter.

Lord Dartford. Well, we muſt conſign that difficulty to the ecclairciſſement of time and better fortune---but in the interim this refuſal of Miſs Herbert's makes it of importance to recover this wandering nymph as ſoon as poſſible. Did Thomas, do you ſay, trace a young gentleman, reſembling Miſs Wingrove to Admiral Clevelands.

Jenkins. He did, my Lord, and was almoſt certain it was herſelf.

Lord Dartford. If it ſhould prove ſo, and ſhe obtains ſhelter there, I think it might be eaſy to watch for her in the garden, and ſteal her thence, but firſt the Admiral muſt be watched out though ---remember that;--- there may be danger elſe.

Jenkins. That's one of the caſes, my Lord, in which my memory never fails me.

Lord Dartford. Well then, let's about it inſtantly ---If I could meet with the lady, there is no harſh treatment to her that the old Baronet will not interpret into reſpect for him; and as for the ſwaggerer, his ſon, let him know of my attempt upon his miſtreſs, when I am married to his ſiſter, with all my heart---Decency will prevent him from killing me then, and as for his opinion, as that is innocent of any effect upon the body, we muſt endeavour to endure it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Miſs* HERBERT'S.

Miſs Herbert. I don't know how it is, but I feel a ſort of uneaſineſs about me, as if ſomething had happened to vex me. What can it be? forgetful creature that I am—Miſs Wingrove's diſtreſſes, to be ſure. Yet that is not a novelty at the preſent moment; and then the perſevering abſurdity of her lofty brother—ha! ha!—Sits the wind in that quarter? Well, I can't help it. I am

afraid he is not quite indifferent to me; yet I muſt tame him out of this unreaſonable haughtineſs before marriage, that he may be entitled to the juſt pride of a huſband when he becomes one.

Enter WINGROVE.

Bleſs me, how came you here?—Always ſtealing upon one?

Wingrove. I am ſo truly aſham'd, madam—I cannot---

Miſs Herbert. Come, ſir, there is an eloquent humility in your manner that ſpeaks for you. I have once before to-day conſtrued your meaning; and I begin to flatter myſelf I ſhall not be a leſs faithful interpreter now, when I ſuppoſe that you are indeed a penitent for the treatment to which you have expos'd your ſiſter.

Wingrove Indeed, indeed, I am ſo.

Miſs Herbert. I am rejoic'd to hear it. You have read the letter I gave you?

Wingrove. I have, madam.

Miſs Herbert. Well, in all this wide world of caprice and uncertainty there is but one thing infallible.

Wingrove. What is that?

Miſs Herbert. That!—Why that a man of rank never violates his plighted honour, and that birth involves in it every human virtue.

Wingrove. Perfidious ſcoundrel—I'll tear him piece-meal.

Miſs Herbert. Tear your own prejudices from your heart, Mr. Wingrove.

Wingrove. They are gone, madam; and I have no other proof that they ever had an exiſtence in my boſom, but the mortified ſenſibility which they have left behind them.

Miſs Herbert. Come, ſir, keep up your ſpirits; you will do charmingly, I am convinc'd.

Wingrove.

Wingrove. Nay; I am not now a convert to your opinion, my Harriet.

Miſs Herbert. What a relapſe.

Wingrove. No, I only mean to ſay, this is not the firſt time of my life in which I have thought as you do. Reaſon has had many ineffectual ſtruggles with prejudice in my mind upon this ſubject before. But, henceforth, I diſclaim all reverence for ſuch idle ſuperſtitions—I deſpiſe birth, and all the vanities which attend it.

Miſs Herbert. Now, Mr. Wingrove, I do not think ſo well of your caſe as I did. I am, myſelf, no peeviſh, moroſe caviller at birth. It is always graceful, and often uſeful; when it operates as a motive to a kind and honourable emulation with the illuſtrious dead; but when thoſe who poſſeſs the advantage, endeavour to make it a ſubſtitute for every other excellence, then indeed I think the offender is entitled to no gentler ſentiment than my contempt, or my pity.

Wingrove. My Harriet ſhall, from this time, regulate my opinions in every thing---and now may I hope---

Miſs Herbert. Not now! not now----Go home and be upon the watch to avail yourſelf of the firſt opportunity to reconcile every thing. Let this be the firſt probation of your recovery; and if, when next we meet, I ſhould find matters in a way that promiſes general happineſs, perhaps I may not be ſo cruel to myſelf as to deny you the civility of partaking in it.

Wingrove. Charming Harriet. [*Exeunt ſeparately.*

SCENE IV. *The Admiral's Garden.*

Enter Mrs. RACHEL, WELFORD, *and* YOUNG MANLY.

Rachel. Excuſe me, Mr. Manly, Miſs Wingrove's

grove's feelings have been lately too much agitated for me to ſuffer her to be expoſed to new conflicts.

Young Manly. Madam, I came here to ſatisfy my anxious doubts about Miſs Wingrove's ſafety; being once aſſured of that, I reſign myſelf to the deſpair I have ſo juſtly merited.

[*Walks off.*

Welford. Nay, but madam, don't let your generous compaſſion for the fair ſufferer entirely prevail over the penitent miſery of the offender---let them but meet, and leave the reſt to chance.

Rachel. Well, ſir, if I can prevail, Mr. Manly ſhall ſee Miſs Wingrove--but let him underſtand I will not have her urged upon any point, and the length of the interview muſt be entirely left to her own pleaſure and diſcretion.

Welford. It ſhall, madam--I engage for his obedience in every thing. [*Exit Rachel.*] Come, Manly, throw away your deſpair. Mrs. Cleveland is gone to bring in your Julia.

Young Manly. Call her back, I beſeech you. I dare not meet my injured love---Call her back, I intreat you; though I feel this kindneſs from you, Welford, with double force, after my late behaviour to you---how could I ſuſpect you?

Welford. No more of that--here ſhe comes without my trouble, and with her---ſhall I ſend them back?

[*Enter Mrs.* RACHEL, *and* JULIA.]

[*As ſoon as they ſee each other Manly kneels, and Julia reclines on Mrs. Rachel.*]

Young Manly. Oh! Julia.

Julia. Mr. Manly!

Young

Young Manly. Oh! my lov'd Julia, I dare not approach you; yet let me ſurvey that form, where every virtue claims its own impreſſion. Let me ſee anger aggravated by ſweetneſs, and juſtice in her moſt awful form, inveſted in all the terrors of offended beauty. Look on me but whilſt I deſcribe the agonies I have endured for your ſufferings, and the pangs I have undergone for my inexpiable guilt. I do not expect to be forgiven---only ſay you will endeavour not to hate me; and I go, my Julia---if you will have it ſo, for ever.

Julia. Mr. Manly, I cannot very eaſily hate---nay, ſir, I even forgive you---but if your hopes, which I can hardly ſuppoſe, ſhould exceed this prudent limit they deceive you.

Welford. Come, Miſs Wingrove, let me hope you will conſider this matter. I will not preſs it now---but---

Julia. My obligations to you, ſir, have been important indeed; but this is not a topic even for the claims of gratitude. Mr. Manly, I am ſure, will not oppoſe the only plan of comfort that is left me—a quiet, peaceful ſecluſion.

Young Manly. No, my Julia, no—never will I diſturb your repoſe.

Julia. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cleaveland; but indeed I am not well.

Rachel. Be ſeated, my dear. I intreat you to take your leave for the preſent, gentlemen.

Young Manly. Raſcal that I am.

[*Exeunt Manly and Welford.*

Rachel. Keep up your ſpirits. I'll ſtep into the houſe and fetch ſomething for your relief, my dear.

[*Exit.*

Julia. I am ſorry, madam.

Enter

Enter Lord DARTFORD *and* JENKINS, *with Servants behind.*

Lord Dartford. There ſhe is—and alone, by all that's lucky. Loſe no time. You are ſure the admiral is not at home?

Jenkins. Quite ſure, my Lord.

Lord Dartford. Very well; loſe no time; advance. [*They ſeize Julia.*

Julia. What means this rudeneſs—Help! help! Oh help me, or I am loſt.

Re-enter MANLY, WELFORD, *and* RACHEL.

Young Manly. My Julia's voice!

[*Jenkins runs away.*

Lord Dartford. Take care, Mr. Manly—We are well armed—take care, I ſay.

Young Manly. Daſtardly villain—a piſtol.

[*Strikes it out of his hand.*

[*The Dartford party eſcape.*

How is my Julia?—Thank Heaven that has afforded me an opportunity of being ſerviceable to her in any thing.

Welford. How fare you, madam?

Julia. Much beholden, gentlemen, to you both; but weary of this life of alarms and reſcues.

Enter Admiral's Servant.

Servant. Your father, Sir William, madam, is within, enquiring for you.

Julia. I will intrude upon you ſo much further as to lead me to my father inſtantly.

Young Manly. To your father!—Muſt it be ſo, Julia?

Julia. Do not oppoſe my requeſt, Mr. Manly; I am reſolved to throw myſelf upon his mercy.—

My

My misfortunes may have ſoftened him. Will you be kind enough, madam, to accompany me? I ſhall need your friendly offices.

Rachel. Miſs Wingrove may command me in any thing.

Young Manly. Come then, my Julia, and let me deliver you up to that father from whoſe capricious cruelty I ſo lately thought to have given you a happy and a laſting freedom. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Admiral's Houſe.*

Enter Sir WILLIAM, *Miſs* JULIA, *Mrs.* RACHEL, YOUNG MANLY, *and Mr.* WELFORD.

Sir William. I am overjoyed at your ſafety, Julia; but yet your leaving me—

Rachel. Nay, Sir William, if the ſtep your daughter took was imprudent, who forced her to it? Who was it that compelled her to ſeek an uncertain refuge among ſtrangers?

Sir William. 'Sdeath, madam, what had my conduct to do with her diſobedience? 'Tis true, Lord Dartford's propoſals to Miſs Herbert render him unworthy my alliance; but is not this man a plebeian—a fellow of yeſterday?

Welford. Here, ſir, you muſt allow me the liberty of obſerving, that Mr. Manly's recent ſervices to your daughter, which you have juſt heard, merit a more liberal return.

Sir William. That's very true, indeed—very true—I am ſorry, indeed. I beg you ten thouſand pardons, upon my word, Sir.

Enter Mr. WINGROVE.

Wingrove. Where, where is ſhe?

[*Runs to Julia.*

Sir William. 'Gad, I muſt retrieve my dignity

in time, or William will be in a tremendous fury—I ſay, ſir, for any thing I know, you may be a very good ſort of perſon, but you will excuſe me if I decline diſgracing my family by a connection with one of your condition.

Wingrove. What's that?

Sir William. I ſay, young gentleman, you have done my family a ſervice—I acknowledge it—I am grateful for it—but——

Wingrove. Nay, ſir, now let me interpoſe. I have long been ſenſible of Mr. Manly's merits, and have placed myſelf in the way of the accompliſhment of his wiſhes from cauſes, which at this moment I feel no delight in contemplating.

Sir William. Why, what's all this? Why, William, is it you?—Are you ſure it is you?

Wingrove. If identily depends upon the mind, ſir, I glory in ſaying it is not—but, permit me to tell you, ſir, we have been too long unjuſt to the merit of Mr. Manly, and to the preference of the unhappy Julia---beſides, ſir, after what has happened it will be neceſſary, even to the pride of your houſe, that an immediate union ſhould take place between Julia and Mr. Manly.

Sir William. Well, if the neceſſity of the caſe forbids the poſſibility of a choice, I deſire it to be underſtood---I give my free conſent.

Young Manly. Do you hear this, my Julia? Pardon me, but can I be blamed if I am aſtoniſhed into audacious hope.

Julia. Do not, Mr. Manly renew a ſolicitation that may tend to plunge me into the guilt of diſobedience a ſecond time.

Enter OLD MANLY, *Miſs* MANLY, *and Miſs* HERBERT.

Old Manly. Mrs. Cleveland, you will excuſe an

an impatient ſet of people who have too much affection for that inconſiderate fellow there, but hearing ſomething of a ſkirmiſh here, in which he had borne a part, we could not reſiſt a kind of curioſity to know the particulars. I would have come by myſelf, but though my wife was too much frightened to be able to ſtir abroad, my daughter was too much alarmed to be able to ſtay at home, and ſo here we are together.

Wingrove. You are heartily welcome, ſir, and I hope we ſhall all be better friends before we part.

Mr. Welford. [*to Miſs Manly.*] Dare I hope, now, that my Emma has diſmiſſed her doubts?

Miſs Manly. Name them not, dear Mr. Welford, I beſeech you.

Enter ADMIRAL CLEVELAND.

Admiral. Why, Hollo Rachel! What's all this. There was I gone to attend the examination of that ſmuggling dog Larron, and the woman he lives with, for receiving ſtolen goods, when in comes a hue and cry after me, with a Canterbury tale of your being run away with---I confeſs I did not give much credit to that part of the ſtory, becauſe thinks I, an old maid, whatever may be the value of her lading, is a ſort of neutral veſſel, that all nations, to do them juſtice, hold very ſacred from attack. I am glad to ſee you all at my houſe. Well, Sir William, may an old ſeaman, who boaſts no larger ſtore of arms than the ſhort allowance which nature gave him, preſume to ſtrike hands with a man whoſe anceſtry bore command while Noah was a midſhipman, eh!

Sir William. I don't very well underſtand the intention of your ſpeech, Admiral, but your kindneſs to my daughter ſpoke a language that could

not be misinterpreted. I hope you'll excuse our breaking in upon you in this manner.

Enter O'Donnel.

Who sent for you, sir.

O'Donnel. An plase your honour they have secured the smart little gantleman below, that made such a dirdum about Miss—and we want to know what your honour intends to do wid him? Wheder your honour wou'd give him de liberty to be set in de stocks, or wou'd like better that he shou'd take a pritty little walk in de horse-pond, your honour.

Sir William. Who is it the fellow means?

Young Manly. Lord Dartford, I suppose.

Young Wingrove. Oh, let him go—[*Exit O'Donnel*] you cannot punish him---he is above your ridicule---for he is below your contempt.

Old Manly. But, I say, Admiral——

Admiral. Well, my friend.

Old Manly. I was only going to say, that as this lord cannot but feel himself at this juncture in a sort of an aukward kind of a taking it would be good natured in you, and I am sure very agreeable to the company, to go to him and give him a little of your comfort—he's only vex'd now at his disappointment—but go to him, worthy Admiral—do—and console him into perfect misery.

Admiral. Nay, my worthy friend, no more of that, I beseech you, it was only a small splice of forecastle merriment---the last faculty an old seaman parts with is a little sort of a sneaking fondness for a joke—and as it is often the only comfort that sticks to him after a life of service, it would be hard to deprive him of that.

Old Manly. So, when you are no longer fit for duty, you kindly turn the hulk into a tender, and

make it a crazy receptacle for forced jokes, and preſſed witticiſms. Well, I forgive you.

Admiral. [*to Old Manly.*] Thank you, thank you—and now, Manly, I give you joy.

Old Manly. Eh!---what---joy!---I entreat you my good friend---joy from you---

Admiral. Nay, I am ſerious now---I heartily congratulate on the approaching happineſs, I hope, of this wicked, honeſt fellow of a ſon of your's—the conduct of this lord has brought him into the wind of my favour again---well, they may ſay what they will about the degeneracy of the times, and the falling off of our morals, and all that; but, to my thinking, we improve in every thing except in fighting, and in that---though we may equal---damn me, if we can better, the good old model of our forefathers. I remember in my younger years, there were ſome few ſcattered remnants of ſuch chaps as his lordſhip---ſome remains of your old ſchool of beaux, who had been the inſects of the former century, and which I had hoped were all extinct by this time; who, like him, were ſhewy and dangerous, fitter for manœvering than action, and more guady in their tackle, than ſound in their bottom---whereas, for ought I ſee, the ſtriplings of theſe days, like this pickle Manly, have all the gaiety of their predeceſſors, with not a quarter of their foppery; and with leſs vice in their hearts, have more nature in their follies.

[*Miſs Wingrove advances.*

Julia. I can deny nothing, madam, to the kind eloquence of ſuch an advocate, the more ſo, when all powerful as it is, it receives ſome ſmall aſſiſtance, I fear, from the perſuaſions of my own heart ---and now, Manly, may a poor, perſecuted fugitive hope at laſt for a happy aſylum from the ſeverities of her fortunes? Shall I truſt myſelf

again to the precarious direction of ſo fickle a guide---yes, I will truſt, moſt confidently truſt thee, for where there is generoſity as the foundation virtue in a man's nature, the memory of a woman's ſorrows will ſecure her againſt a repetition of the cauſe of them, nor with ſuch a mind, can her affection fondly beſtowed ever be quite hopeleſs of a return.

Young Manly. Deareſt Julia, I will not injure either my gratitude or my love, by any attempt to convey them through the feeble vehicle of words —let my life ſpeak the ſincerity of my repentance, and the homage of my devoted affection: and as for that vice in particular which has protracted my happineſs, and, but for the generous kindneſs of your brother, might have intercepted it for ever, I renounce it to the end of my life---I abjure it---no never ſhall I offend by intemperance again. Unleſs——

Julia. Unleſs, Manly!

Wingrove. Unleſs, Mr. Manly!

Young Manly. Unleſs one favouring ſmile from this company ſhould hurry us all into an unexpected exceſs---an intemperance of HONEST GRATITUDE.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE

Right Hon. LIEUTENANT GENERAL BURGOYNE.

Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.

MANY a ſhop hangs forth, in Wit's behalf,
Fugitive Pieces—neatly bound in calf:
With better hopes inſpir'd, our Author ſues,
Refuge in this Aſylum of the Muſe:
One little corner of this ample ſpace,
Where Fugitives by hundreds *ſhall* have place.
For inſtance, now—each claſs in order due,
Fugitive Critics—I begin to you.
To you, who migrate from that cruel ſchool
Which tries an author, but to prove him fool;
Who quit the path by partial rigour trod;
More pleas'd to weave the bays than lift the rod;
To you, our judges in the laſt reſort,
Wide fly our doors—behold your ſov'reign court;
O'er Tragic rights, o'er Comic laws preſide,
Temper your monitor and taſte your guide.
To thoſe who bear not from mere tril of tongue,
Words of ſoft nothing, by ſoft nothing ſung,
[*Sings.*] But one dull chime in *Solo*, *Duo*, *Trio*,
Ah! *Mio Bel*, to—Ah, Bel Idol Mio.
Who by no ſorcery of faſhion bound,
Liſten for ſenſe e'er they applaud the ſound;
We offer ſhelter in well-hearing ſeats,
And our beſt promiſe of united treats.
Next for friend *John*, this country's ſtrength and pride,
Plain, frugal, competent, and ſatisfied.
Who flying alehouſe, ribaldry and ſtrife,
Takes Sue in arm, for John ne'er flies his wife—
And dedicates to an inviting play,
The extra gainings of a lucky day.
To yonder harbour may they preſs in crowds
Our faithful overſeers in the clouds!
Sometimes, 'tis true, for *Muſic* eager grown,
Wheugh goes an overture in notes their own;
And ſometimes ſterling joke appearing ſcarce,
They roar for hornpipe to eke out a farce;

But

EPILOGUE.

But ſtill true nature, be it laugh or tear,
Finds with electric touch its centre there.
The pregnant ſenſe of right diſdains controul,
And the rough hand reports the honeſt ſoul.
Now for that ſpeaking look of gay ſixteen,
A look ſo arch, what breadth of fan can ſcreen?
Tho' timid, curious—innocent—but fly—
It aſks, in ſpeech call'd Whiſper of the Eye—
Siſter—dear me—what—what are we to fly?
Man—Monſter man—in ſpecious colours hid—
I mean not *all* the race, no, Heaven forbid!
I mean the wretch who ſighs but to betray,
Take flight before temptation checks your way.
Hard is the trial 'gainſt a traitor's art,
A heedleſs moment and a tender heart—
Take flight from theſe—of the mere breeze beware,
Start like the frighted dove that gains the air,
Nor truſts her wing to flutter o'er the ſnare.
Welcome, ſweet Fugitives; there (*to the boxes*) fearleſs ſit,
Where Beauty's girdle binds the realm of wit:
And virtue breath'd from your bright forms below,
Shall waft its eſſence to our topmoſt row.
Such are the Fugitives whom we invite,
To aid the humble brother of to-night.
He in your juſtice may ſecurely truſt,
But *my* hopes tell me, you'll be more than juſt
And ſpare one precious moment of applauſe,
E'en to the FUGITIVE who pleads his cauſe.